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AUGUST 8, 1980

W. F. Buckley Jr. on
IN DETROIT
— see page 963

NATIONAL REVIEW

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I, Sam Cohen, invented the neutron bomb. The next thing I knew, I was being snubbed by moralists. But I started talking to Catholic Bishops... and Cardinals... I think I made an impression.'

THE HOLOCAUST:

ARE CHRISTIANS RESPONSIBLE?

Michael Schwartz

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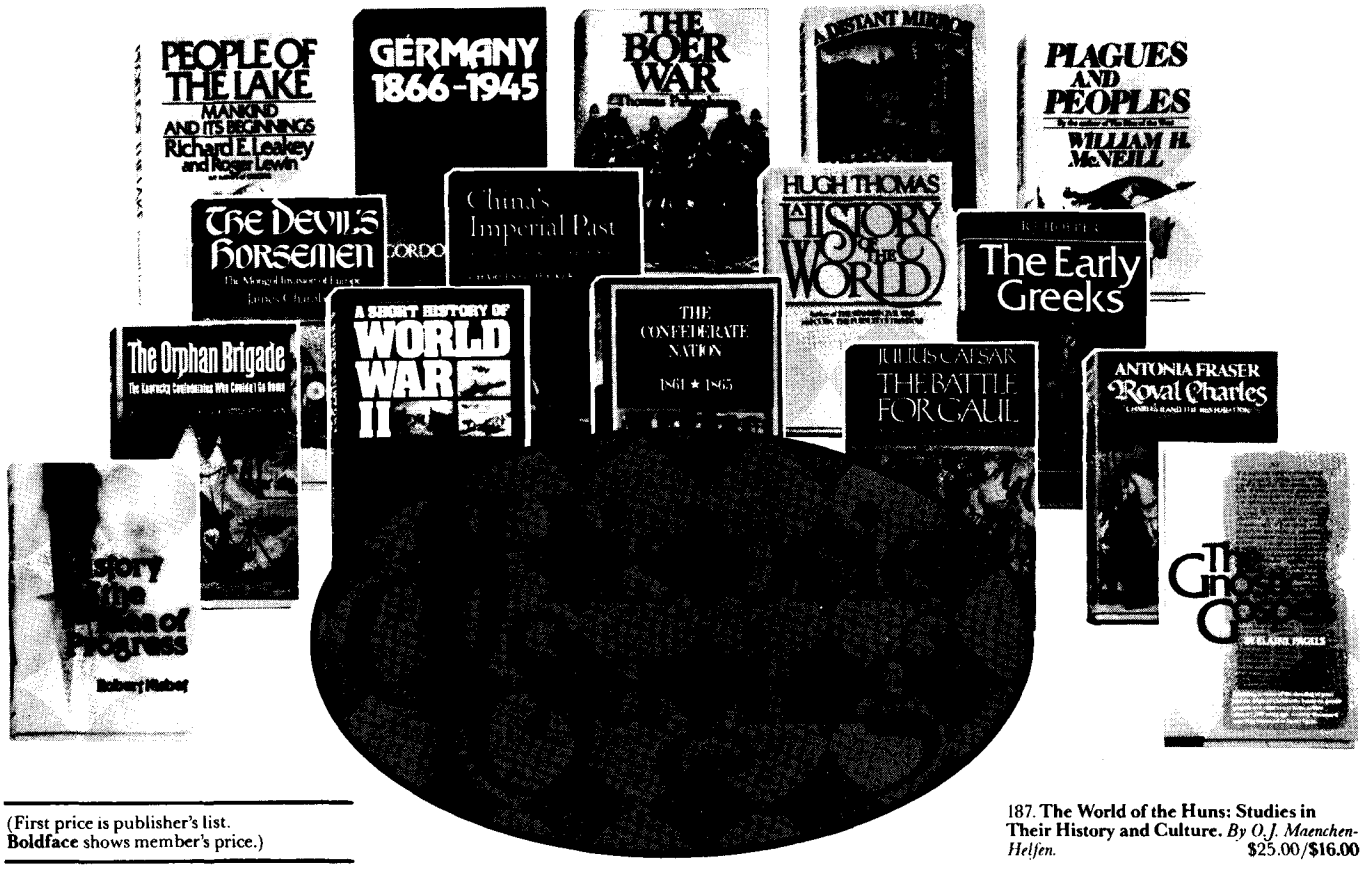

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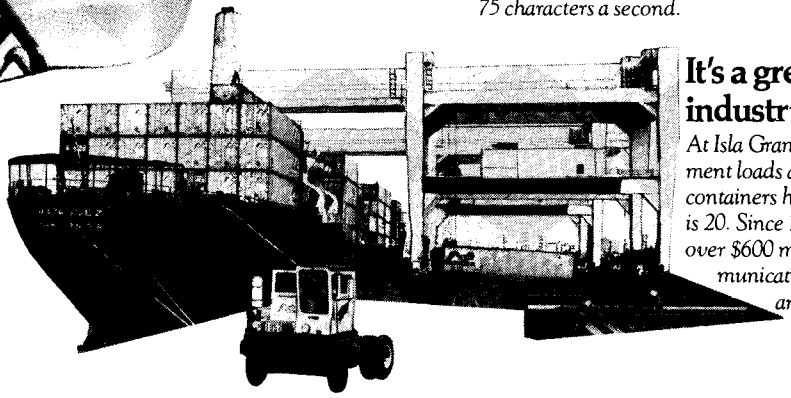

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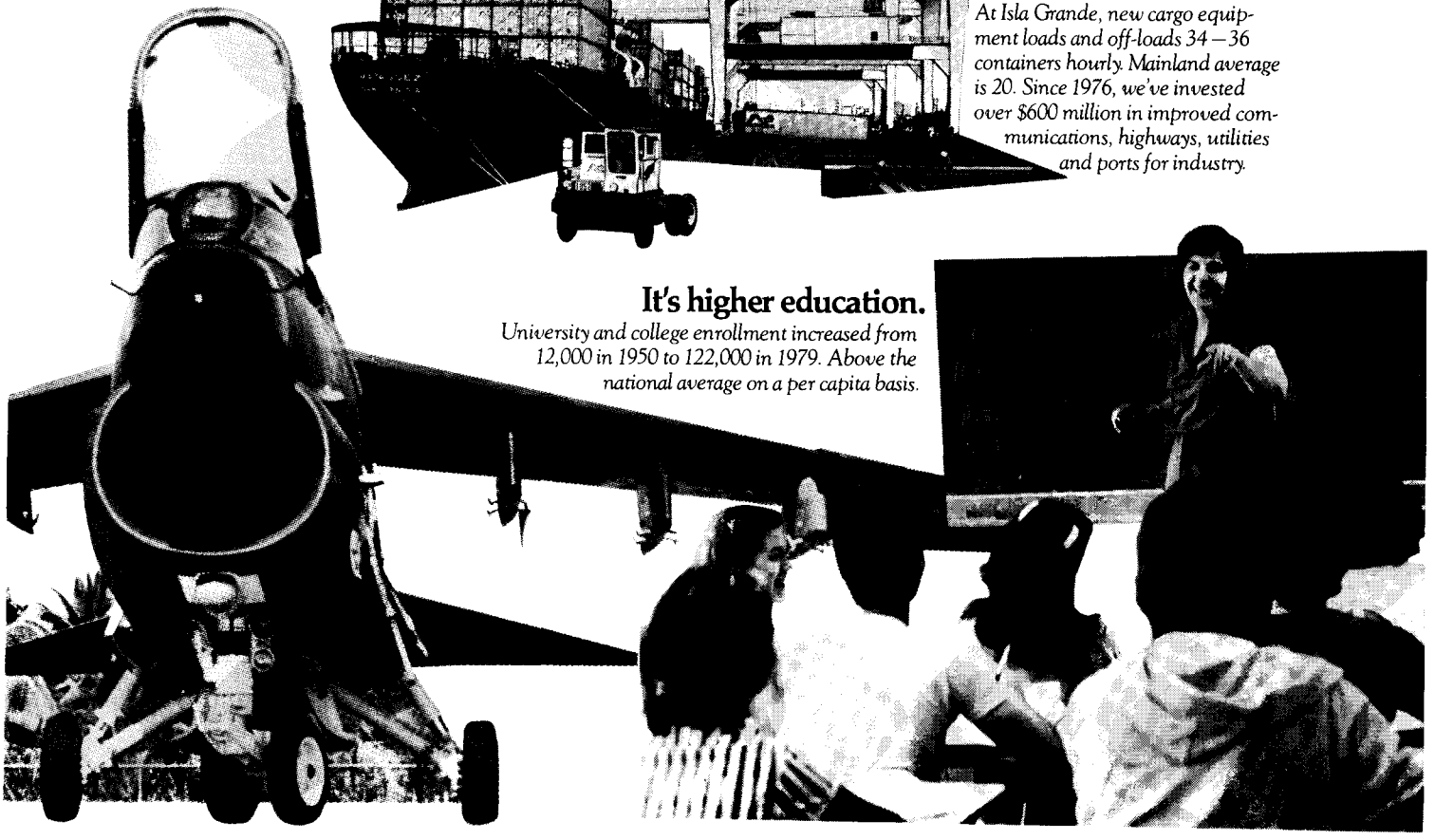

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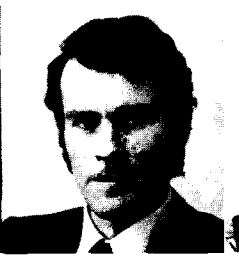
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NR's man on the campaign trail reviews the Republican race. . . . *Richard Brookhiser*

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Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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Baluchistan isn't in your atlas? It's in the Politburo's. Watch for it. *Brian Crozier*

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During the Middle Ages, the Church adumbrated a theory of just war, and attempted to limit military carnage. The inventor of the neutron bomb argues that the low-blast weapon belongs in this tradition, and wonders whether some people in the Vatican don't feel the same way. *Samuel T. Cohen*

956 Are Christians Responsible?
For the Holocaust, that is. It's a popular line of thought these days, though Heinrich Himmler, SS chief and pagan, would disagree.
Michael Schwartz

960 Facing Up to No-Growth
Republican tax-cutters try to repeal the no-growth economy. *M. Stanton Evans*

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John Paul visits the heathen land of France.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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Through a glass, darkly. *Michael Novak*

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969 **Joseph A. Rehyansky** finds Solzhenitsyn's literary memoirs gripping, and occasionally unpleasant. . . . André Glucksmann announces that Marx is bad, and **Arnold Beichman** asks whether the *nouveaux philosophes* aren't *vieux jeux*. . . . Richard Sennett announces that *Authority* may be good. **Joseph Sobran** reviews this American sunburst. . . . Baltimore has run out for Anne Tyler, thinks **David Evanier**. . . . *Cannibals and Missionaries* is indigestible (**D. Keith Mano**), *Smiley's People* underpopulated (**William F. Rickenbacker**). . . . And **John Simon** watched *Urban Cowboy* while **Ruth Berenson** went to the Modern's Picasso show. Miss Berenson had a better time.

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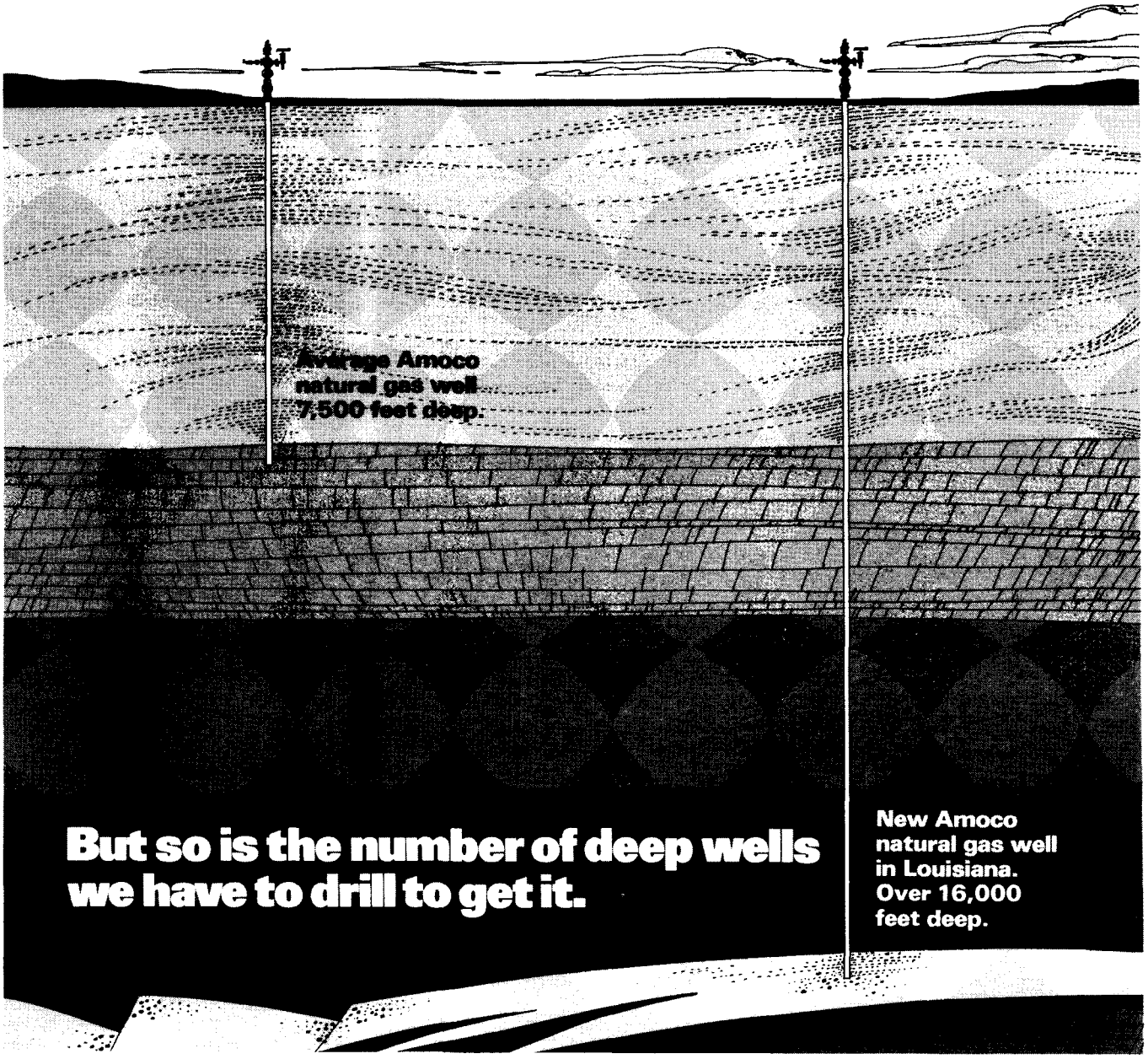
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Letters

What the Soviets Have Mastered

The evocative and moving piece by Victor Herman and Fred E. Dohrs ["The True Horror of Soviet Internal Exile," July 25] brought to mind an incident from my college days. During an American history lecture on Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's "Red Scare" after World War I, a student raised a hand to ask if repression didn't always strengthen the resolve of its target. The professor smiled and replied, "Don't underestimate the powers of timely and efficient repression—usually it works."

I think that today our image of the life of Soviet dissidents matches the sentiments of that naïve student. It's important to be reminded from time to time that usually repression works. The Soviets, who can't seem to manage the production of cattle or corn, have the production of sheep down to a science.

Sylvia Andelman
Bernardsville, N.J.

The Empire Strikes Back Again

John Simon's assault on *The Empire Strikes Back* [June 13] achieves the critical equivalent of sledgehammering nightingales into Rorschach blots. But the breathtaking wrongheadedness that leads Mr. Simon to make the near-perverse statement that this delightful film, of all films, is "malodorous"—well, that's simply offal.

Michael Kreski
Los Angeles, Calif.

History Lesson

In your RIP for *Harper's* [July 11] (premature, it now transpires, but you couldn't have known that) you said that the periodical was established in "1850—the year slavery was outlawed in the District of Columbia . . ."

The Compromise of 1850 outlawed the slave *trade* in the District of Columbia, not slavery itself.

George C. Kennedy Jr.
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Forerunners

M. Stanton Evans, in his comments on Stanley L. Jaki's thesis ["Dark Horses," June 27] that the attainments of Western science are products of the Western religious tradition, states that "the conclusions emerging from this exercise amount to nothing less than a complete rewriting of our intellectual history." I should like to note that this rewriting has been under way for some considerable time. As far as I am aware, it began with Robert K. Merton's *Science, Technology, and Society in Seventeenth Century England* (1970), first presented in 1938 in *Osiris*. Merton connected the rise of Western science with the Protestant ethic. This connection was also explored by R. Hooykas in *Religion and the Rise of Western Science* (1972), first presented in *Cahiers d'Histoire Mondiale* in 1956; Hooykas, however, included as well the influence of the Judaeo-Christian tradition on Western thought. Eugene M. Klaaren in his *Religious Origins of Modern Science* (1977) argued that the Christian doctrine of creation by God of an orderly, lawful universe was a strong element in the scientific revolution, a theme which seems to be very close to Jaki's thought: "a conviction that nature was God's handiwork." François Russo went further by noting that "Catholicism had the advantage over Protestantism in an optimistic view of creation as part of its tradition" (*Journal of World History III*, p. 860).

It can be seen, then, that the problem of how religion stimulated the rise of Western science has been under intense scrutiny for at least several decades.

Joseph Burlock
Poquoson, Va.

Anderson's Appeal

Perhaps someone at NATIONAL REVIEW can explain to me, a Postal Service letter carrier, how John Anderson, who favors a fifty-cent gasoline tax, unrestricted abortion funding, and the extinction of the term "Mrs.," could otherwise "pitch his tune" to and get the vote of a Catholic ethnic from Pennsylvania (and registered Democrat) who works for a living ["For the Record," May 16]?

Joseph B. Della Polla
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bending the USSR

When *RCDA* [*Religion in Communist-Dominated Areas*] proposed a bill granting the seven Christians in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow full citizenship (permanent residence is a compromise reached after a hectic campaign against the proposal by the Department of State) we presented various documentation in support of our proposal, including Kevin Lynch's articles, "Down and Out in the U.S. Embassy" [Aug. 31, 1979] and "The Guests in the Basement" [March 21, 1980], which are very highly regarded by various members of Congress and their staffs for accuracy as well as excellence of presentation.

According to our recent information, the Senate action deeply disturbed the So-

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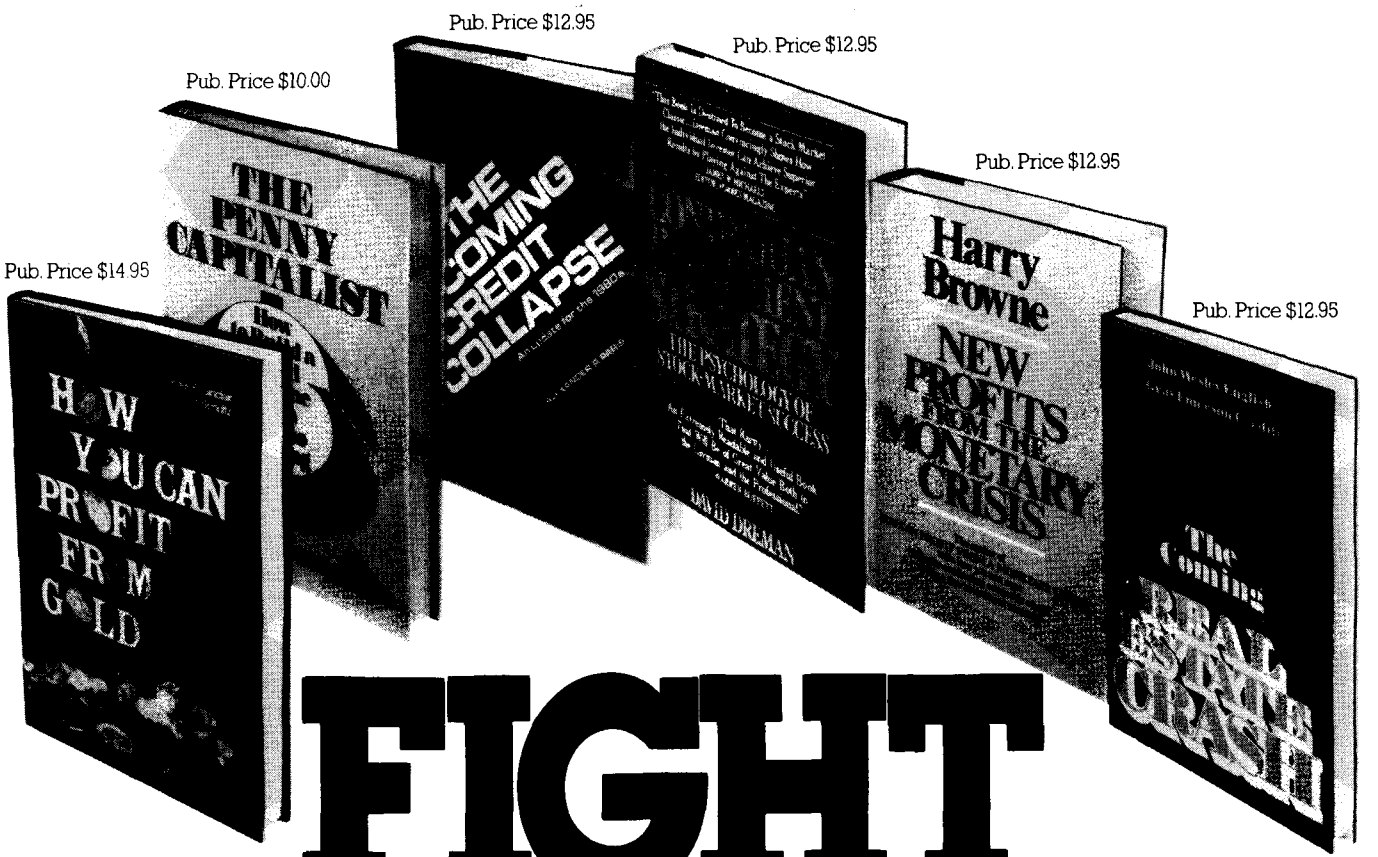

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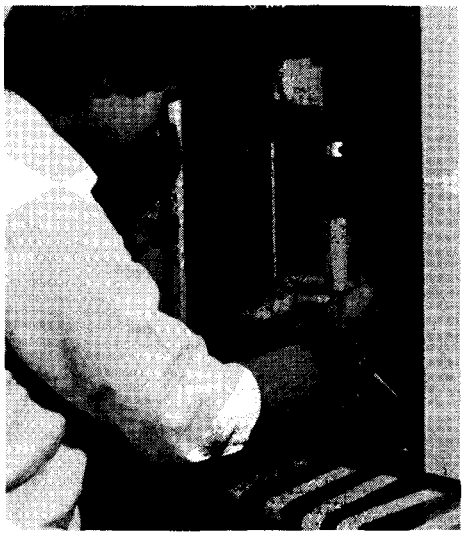

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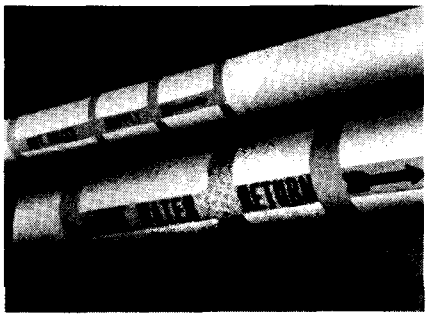

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viets—they are evidently negotiating with the Canadian government for emigration of the two families to Canada. You will be very proud to know that NATIONAL REVIEW was instrumental in bending the USSR a little. The sad truth is that with properly applied pressures we could make it bend a lot; unfortunately, few U.S. politicians are aware of that.

I wish to thank NATIONAL REVIEW for its concern for the Chmykhalovs and Vashchenkos, and for publicizing their case.

Olga S. Hruby
New York, N.Y.

Whose Prayers?

I would not, like the "civil libertarians" your editorial quotes, call a decision not to allow prayers in schools ["Thou Shalt Not Pray," May 30] "a victory for religious freedom." It is not, however, a correct comparison to ask if prohibiting newspapers from public schools would be hailed as "a victory for freedom of the press." Newspapers represent an exchange of ideas; no one could oppose that, just as no one quarrels with allowing discussions of comparative religions. It is the practice of a standardized religion that is objectionable.

It is a great source of relief to me that my children will not have to suffer the indignities I did when I went to public school. Having Bible reading in school—the King James version, not my version, and as often from the New Testament as the Old—did nothing to make any of us more religious. Generally, it was used when the teacher wanted the class to be quiet. The effect was more to make us resent religion than respect it.

My children do not have to face this and it is a source of relief to me. We breathe easier now.

We are a religious family. We practice our faith willingly at home and in our house of worship. Do not deceive yourself that bringing prayer back into schools is what will make us a religious country.

The editorial says ". . . they tend to treat organized religion almost exclusively as a potential menace . . ." (Who is "they"?) There is some confusion here. I welcome organized religion as a civilizing force. I simply want the diversity of our different ways of practicing preserved. I support keeping prayer out of public schools because the prayers of the majority tend to take hold. My attitude here is consistent with the rest of my conservatism. It's all about freedom of choice for the individual. Just as I oppose the public schools' usurping my right to establish for my family my own moral standards and sex education, I don't want the school controlling the religious patterns of my children.

Janet Herring
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Economic Research Bureau Warns:

When the Depression Hits, What Happens to You?

(Washington, D.C.) A major economic crisis is about to hit the United States, and our government is not going to be able to head it off. This is the controversial opinion of Dr. Gary North, the executive director of the American Bureau of Economic Research, the nationally known research organization. In fact, Dr. North argues, the government's own policies are the source of the coming collapse.

"The U. S. economy is a house of cards," Dr. North asserts, "but people who didn't go through the Great Depression can't believe that such a thing is possible any more. We have raised up a generation of Americans who simply won't know what to do when the crisis hits. Their grandparents remember what real hardship is, but the kids don't want to think about it."

"The Six Deadly Assumptions"

Millions of Americans, young and old, are making assumptions about the future that are dangerously optimistic. Dr. North calls these "the six deadly assumptions." A lot of people believe in all six, he says, and practically everyone believes in at least four. The six assumptions are these:

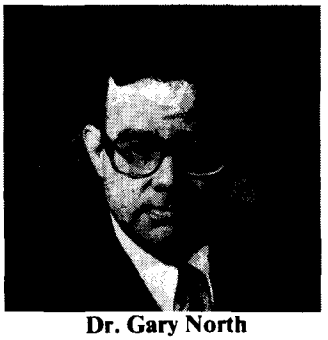
1. **"My pension can actually be paid off."**
2. **"The Social Security system isn't bankrupt."**
3. **"The Federal government insures the present and future value of my bank account."**
4. **"A depression is impossible today."**
5. **"My guaranteed annuity is safe."**
6. **"The government will control inflation."**

If you have made even **one** of these assumptions, and you refuse to rethink your premises, Dr. North warns, "you are headed straight for disaster."

"Special Report"

Dr. North's detailed predictions about the immediate economic future, plus his analysis of the six deadly assumptions and how to escape their consequences, are now available in a special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.***

The government will soon be issuing a new currency, he says: ration coupons. He also predicts crippling shortages. Whole sections of the economy will go bankrupt. Unemployment in these industries will skyrocket. Businessmen who have not learned the techniques of capital preservation under price controls will have a terrible time. "As always, sharp traders who know in advance what is coming will clean up," he predicts.



Dr. Gary North

Will the Government Suppress his Report?

Dr. North claims that his special report gives you the techniques that will "beat the paralyzed markets." He says you have to know about timing, shifting markets, hidden sources of supplies, and barter. "These techniques are really not that hard to master once you know what they are, but they aren't obvious to most people. You have to be taught."

Dr. North admits that very few people will take the steps necessary to protect themselves. "This is why the little guy always gets sheared. People refuse to act until it is way too late. They won't read a survival manual like ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.*** But for those who do, and who follow its advice, the coming crisis should be a time of tremendous opportunity. For some people, it will be a true bonanza."

"The Government Will Suppress This Report"

Dr. North is pessimistic about the long-run prospects for his report. He is convinced that the government will eventually take steps to restrict its circulation. "My report shows people how to beat the controls. The bureaucrats resent this. After all, what good are the controls, from the government's point of view, if people know how to short-circuit them? That's what my report is all about."

About the time that most people finally figure out that a crisis has hit and that they desperately need the information in his report, Dr. North says, the government will force it off the market. "People always think they can get special information anytime they need it, but they can't. If they wait too long, they will have to pay through the nose to get it."

There are still some important **loopholes** that the government has neglected to close, Dr. North insists, but they won't be available forever. "That's why the people who act now will make the big money. Those who wait around will **pay** the big money." If you hesitate now, concludes Dr. North, "you're asking for trouble."

Dr. North's special report, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls***, is being distributed by the American Bureau of Economic Research. It sells for $14.50. To order, fill out the coupon below.

GUARANTEE: If the government should prohibit further sales of Dr. North's report while your check is in the mail, the American Bureau of Economic Research will return your check by first class mail within one working day of its arrival. The Bureau cannot guarantee to send you the actual report if the government acts before you do. **Immediate action on your part is strongly recommended to insure that you receive Dr. North's report.**

American Bureau of Economic Research
3536 N. Wellington Ave.
Suite 350
Indianapolis, In. 46226

Gentlemen:

Ship me Dr. North's special report immediately. I'm enclosing my check for $14.50 plus $1 for postage and handling.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

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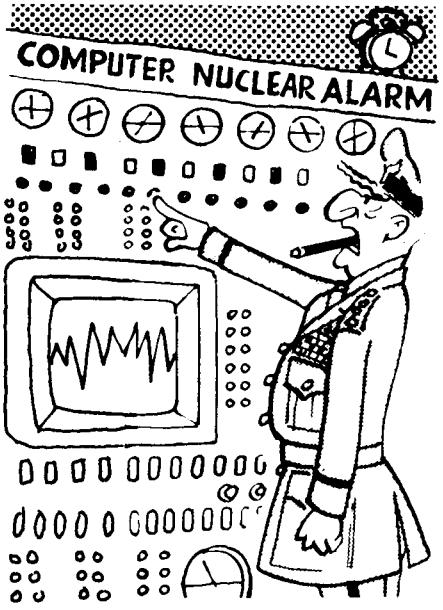
FOR THE RECORD

■ Of fifty Democratic state chairmen polled just before the GOP Convention, 24 said they thought **Reagan** would carry their states in November, 15 gave **Carter** the victory, one gave his state to **John Anderson**, ten thought it was a toss-up. . . . A *Los Angeles Times* poll points to a certain squishiness in Anderson's support. Only 55 per cent of those who say they now support Anderson are "pretty certain" they will vote for him come Nov. 4. . . . Reagan's naming of **Anne Armstrong** and **James Baker** to important party posts right after the Convention was an obvious gesture toward the **Ford-Bush** segment of the party, but also, say the pols, smart politics. Mrs. Armstrong, who now becomes co-chairman of the RNC—replacing the not-lamented **Mary Crisp**—is an excellent campaigner, and well respected by party pros. James Baker ran Bush's campaign this year, Ford's four years back. Reagan's stalwarts of the Right, Sen. **Paul Laxalt** and Rep. **Jack Kemp**, were present at the Armstrong-Baker welcoming party. . . . Left a bad taste: the only active GOP presidential candidate not invited to speak to the Convention was **Philip Crane**.

■ **Meg Greenfield**, editorial page editor of the *Washington Post*, concludes in column right after the Convention that Jimmy Carter is not going to be able to run against a caricature of Reagan as "a preposterous old gunsmoke gaga." In the past few months and during the Convention, says Greenfield, Reagan proved that he was stronger, brighter, more resilient, and also more adept politically than his younger opponents. . . . Meanwhile, the Reagan camp is reaching out to regular Democratic constituencies. . . . **Jesse Jackson** of PUSH warns the Democrats they



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Under U.S. Army regulations I'm giving you a seven-second warning before putting you on a charge."

can't depend on all-out support among black voters. "Reagan and Bush," he says, "are not being suicidal about the black vote." . . . The *Congressional Quarterly* reports **union leaders** are worried that many rank-and-file blue-collar voters may turn out for Reagan in the fall. The *Quarterly* cites Reagan's strong showing among union voters in the New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Wisconsin primaries. . . . During the GOP Convention, Sen. **Robert Dole** and GOP National Chairman **Bill Brock** had an "amicable" meeting with UAW President **Douglas Fraser**, who has been disenchanted with Carter for some months now. . . . A poll of blue-collar workers in Detroit showed 50 per cent plan to vote for Reagan. . . . For the first time in its 81-year history the **Veterans of Foreign Wars** has endorsed a presidential candidate, RR. . . . But there is also dissatisfaction in the ranks over the Bush selection. **Phyllis Schlafly** says Reagan has thrown away "a lot of support," and **Paul Weyrich** of the New Right complains that Reagan turned "to the Eastern Establishment." . . . There's no doubt at all that the Reagan-Bush ticket has lost the **Communist** vote. *Pravda* already senses "the musty smell of cold war from Detroit." . . . Here at home the *Daily World* calls Bush "Reagan's Man from the CIA," and CP presidential candidate **Gus Hall** grows positively apoplectic: The Convention, he says, "was nothing short of a right-wing cold-war crusade, a shameful orgy orchestrated by the most extreme right-wing, racist, anti-labor, anti-people, military-monopoly forces in our country."

■ It wouldn't be a presidential election year without **Victor Lasky**. His offering this time around is *Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth*. . . . Other events on the Right. Syndicated columnist **John Lofton** has been named editor of the *Conservative Digest*, and **John Chamberlain** has been chosen as the Heritage Foundation's Distinguished Journalism Fellow for 1980. . . . **YAF** is preparing to celebrate its 20th, a big bash in Washington, Sept. 27, at the Mayflower Hotel. Speakers: **WFB Jr.**, **Stan Evans**, Rep. **Bob Bauman**—all of whom played major parts in the founding and naming of YAF. (For info: write Richard LaMountain, YAF, Route 1, Box 1002, Woodland Rd., Sterling, Va. 22170.) . . . And *NR* celebrates its 25th in December. More details anon.

■ And a bit of advice to election-year politicians from **Marvin Alisky** in the *Tempe News*: "They should be told to button up their over-quote."

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THE WEEK

■ Jimmy Carter says the GOP Convention was "a *débâcle*." That's high praise from our country's *Débâcleur*-in-Chief.

■ Jimmy Carter says the GOP Convention was "a *débâcle*." What did he expect—a helicopter rescue mission?

■ Jimmy Carter characterized the outcome of the GOP Convention as "a *débâcle*." That's French for Trust Me.

■ As we go to press, the Carter Administration has sought, and received, an injunction prohibiting the Reagan campaign from receiving federal matching funds until the independent pro-Reagan political-action committees have been investigated. In other words: 1) The government first passes a law (a "reform") declaring that all federal election funds shall be regulated by itself; 2) the Supreme Court rules that that pre-Watergate document, the First Amendment, guarantees to American citizens the right to make campaign contributions after all, and that the new spending restrictions must not, therefore, apply to persons operating independently; 3) the Federal Election Commission, an arm of the present Administration, declares that it will investigate the independent supporters of its major challenger, while 4) the President moves to shut off government funds. We commented in the last issue of *NR* on the political nexus here—the growing unpopularity of PACs among liberals, caused by the fact that liberals are getting outspent. We underscore here what the episode tells us about the Federal Government, viz.: it's as crooked as a camel's back. Get it out of the fund-raising business.

■ Wholly without foundation, informed sources insist, are rumors that John Anderson will announce a running-mate just as soon as he receives a confidential medical advisory on the feasibility of his being cloned.

■ Which way the Fed is going to go has Wall Street guessing. The markets can't tell whether the signs of monetary ease indicate a shift from an anti-inflationary to an anti-recessionary policy or, as the Fed claims, simply an effort to meet its undershot money-growth target. And the markets have been guessing in opposite directions. During the latter part of June the price of gold rose rapidly, from just over $500 to $675 an ounce, a sign that greater inflation was expected. But during the same period the price of Treasury-bond futures also rose rapidly, a sign that lower inflation was expected. Then during the first part of July the two prices both declined sharply, indicating that the gold market expected less inflation and the bond-futures market more. When the Federal Reserve System was established, in the belief that a firm government hand on economic policy would bring stability to the economy, its founders overlooked questions like the current one: "Does Chairman Volcker owe President Carter a burst of stimulation to aid his re-election in exchange for his appointment?" Uncertainty over Fed policy has proved to be the main source of instability in the economy—one more example of government policy achieving the opposite of expressed intentions.

■ Reagan's acceptance of George Bush as his running-mate may be a sign that the battles between the Kemp tax-cut plan and its Ford Administration opponents aren't over. Whereas most of the Ford people now accept tax cuts, they want to attack spending and the government deficit first. Their priorities shift tax cuts to the back burner and reflect an administrator's view of fiscal responsibility. Kemp has served in the House long enough to know that Congress doesn't work that way. There's no handing out punishment (program cuts) this year in the name of a goodie (tax cuts) in a future year. The goodies will flow; and, says Kemp, it takes a goodie to beat a goodie. Getting tax cuts on the Republican stove is a symbolic victory for Kemp, but to really win he has to keep the Ford people from moving them off the front burner.

■ A propos of nothing at all, Japan's new Prime Minister is 69 years old. Brezhnev is 74. Tito governed until he was 88. Frank Fitzsimmons, on his feet after a bout with cancer, is running for a five-year term as president of the Teamsters, and is 72. George Meany ran the AFL-CIO until he was 86. Kosygin is 76. Chief Justice Warren Burger is 73. Tip O'Neill, third in line for the Presidency, will be 68 in December. Jane Fonda has wrinkles.

■ The former shah's condition this week is ~~IMPROVED~~ ~~WORSE~~ ~~IMPROVED~~ ~~WORSE~~ IMPROVED.

■ Given a rising and ultimately sure prospect for a shift in American Administrations, the Soviet line to this country's principal allies presumably will stress discontinuities in U.S. policies on strategic arms control—from the Vladivostok accord in Ford times to the early Carter attempt to renounce it, then the backtracking in the SALT II treaty, and now the Republican hopefuls' denunciation thereof. How, they

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LETTER FROM DETROIT

Why Bush? We have talked with most—not all, but most—of those present at the creation of the Reagan-Bush ticket, and the considerations were these. First, following the Ford fiasco—for which "negotiator" Henry Kissinger deserves much of the blame—the Reagan staff knew that the choice must be popular both within the hall and with the media. A choice from left field, booed by the delegates and ridiculed by the embarrassed networks, might have turned Wednesday night from a disappointment into a disaster. On this score, Bush was the favorite, edging out Kemp. Second, as had been the case all along, Bush was perceived as the running-mate most likely to protect the GOP flank against Anderson. "He can help us in Scarsdale, Greenwich, and Chagrin Falls," as one Reaganite put it. And third and conclusively, Bush could be counted on to grab the offer enthusiastically and to bring his supporters, many of them Fordist, along quickly.

The knights of the keyboard have decided that 1980 was for Jack Kemp what 1956 was for John Kennedy and 1960 was for Barry Goldwater—the springboard year, the year that lifted them from the status of regional figure to national leader. We don't dispute that reading. Kemp turned in a convincing performance on the platform committee, organized things well on the floor, and ripped off the best of the "audition" speeches from the podium. Whatever his future in presidential politics, he has earned increased respect among his colleagues and a national following.

Before conceding the post-Reagan leadership of the GOP to Kemp, however, one would do well to mark the progress of two other young and attractive conservatives. One is Phil Crane, who, after a false start and a stumbling campaign, has demonstrated real class in his initial turn on the presidential stage. Unlike Mo Udall in 1976, who muffed his chance at post-convention influence, we suspect that Phil Crane may fill a role as President Reagan's conscience in the House of Representatives. And if the GOP's "midnight ticket" falls short this November, Crane might find his way onto a national ticket as early as 1984.

Another man to watch—a man as yet invisible to the national media—is first-term Senator William Armstrong of Colorado. After several less-than-spectacular terms in the House, Armstrong has found his stride in the Senate. A nice combination of showhorse and workhorse. We would guesstimate that his "discovery" by the networks is no more than six months away.

Now we remember what it is that bothers us most about Dan Rather. It's his homing instinct for the peripheral issue. In Detroit, despite the looming omnipresence of survival issues, Rather became fixated on the question of whether equal rights should be ensured by statute or by amendment. Time after time he would poke his spike-mike in a delegate's face and bark, "What kind of message does this ERA plank send to the American people?" The nonplussed delegate, revved up to talk about Soviet aggression, or at the very least about jobs and taxes, would blink owlishly as if considering the question afresh. We waited in vain for a saucy delegate, preferably a benign matronly presence such as the legendary Ada Mills of Arkansas, to respond, "Frankly, Dan, they just don't *give* a bleep."

Rather's performance in Detroit must have shaken the CBS tree from the chairman to the doorman. Obviously, Rather lacks the journalistic weight and the camera authority not only of Uncle Walter, but also of a Harry Reasoner (now officially retired from the anchorman contest) and a Roger Mudd (lost to NBC in the Cronkite succession struggle). Rather had better do a heap o' growing between now and the end of the year or his feet will rattle around in Cronkite's shoes like BBs in a boxcar.

■ The best news for Ronald Reagan this past month is the report that William Timmons has joined his campaign as political director. With John Sears long departed and with William Casey, the campaign manager, taking a senior, boardchairmanlike role for himself, there was a gaping hole in the Reagan campaign staff. In our opinion, informed by twenty years of campaign-watching, Timmons is the best man in the country to perform this highly sensitive, highly leveraged job. Timmons is a man of Washington, not of California, but he has already demonstrated both his effectiveness and his loyalty to the candidate. With his contacts on the Hill, in the business community, and among GOP workers around the country, Timmons will bring a national perspective to a campaign that must now expand beyond its conservative GOP base.

■ The pub-talk in Detroit put the knock on Kemp for Vice President. Seems that the problem with a Kemp ticket is that in the fourth year you would have to bring in Daryle Lamonica to relieve him. (We would be glad to assign credit for that line, but it arrived from several directions, parentage unknown.) —CATO

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will ask, can one negotiate with so inconstant an opponent? A preferable, even necessary, alternative is to work out solutions on a strictly continental basis. . . . The appeal of such a plaintive approach is not to be shrugged off. A Reagan Administration would have its work cut out in offsetting it. Clarifying abroad the reasons for balking at the treaty will be no easy task. Allied chancelleries generally lack expertise of their own in the arcana of nuclear strategy and up to now have uncritically accepted the Carter Administration's SALT II rationalizations. Merely explaining away a defunct treaty will not suffice. A Reagan Administration would have to project a stance of its own on arms control in coherent relationship with a comprehensive strategic doctrine and program. The effort in policy-*cum*-diplomacy should not be deferred until the accession to office. November 5 will be none too early a time to begin. Foundations will have to be in place even before that.

■ Mr. Carter invited nearly a thousand guests and the Marine Band to witness the signing of the synfuel bill, perhaps his greatest legislative achievement, which measure will squeeze $88 billion out of taxpayers in hopes of squeezing enough oil out of rock to reduce oil imports by about 7 per cent, 500,000 barrels a day,

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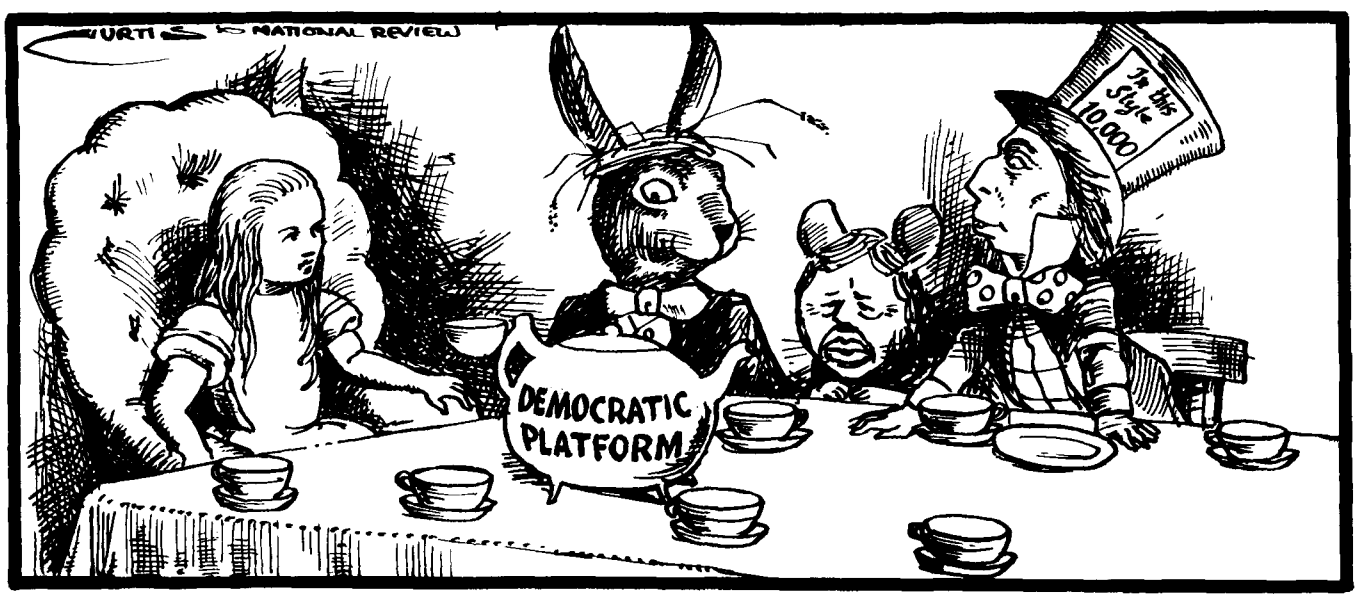
ten years from now. If the venture works *exceedingly* well, the synfuel will probably cost no more than $100 a barrel, or three times what OPEC charges. Meanwhile, oil imports are down 19 per cent since 1976 because of OPEC's prices. There's no fuel like a synfuel.

■ Moscow reportedly has been "closed" for the Olympics. Access to the city is restricted, tens of thousands of police patrol the streets, and authorities are struggling to prevent what they term "ideological pollution." Residents are unable to detect any difference in Moscow life.

■ There could hardly be a more excruciating case. But that of Walter Povolchak says a lot about the twentieth century. Walter is the 12-year-old Ukrainian boy whose parents, having emigrated to Chicago six months ago, now want to go back. Walter, like his 17-year-old sister, wants passionately to stay, ran away from home, and has asked for political asylum, which the Immigration Service has now granted him, pending a Soviet-backed suit by his parents. Chicago's Ukrainian-American community supports the boy. But a spokesman at the Soviet Embassy in Washington says, reasonably enough: "Our position is that a 12-year-old should not be able to tell his parents what he wants to do. He does what they say." If only the Soviets honored that principle when parents tried to give their children religious instruction. Meanwhile we hope, fervently but not without qualms, that Walter gets his way.

■ During the recent celebration in Nicaragua of the first anniversary of the Sandinista junta's rule, the fatherly figure of Fidel Castro dominated the proceedings. In spite of talk by the locals about pluralism and democracy, Castro's rhetoric of revolution prevailed. Castro did unbend a little: he allowed as how U.S. aid to Nicaragua was a move toward a "more intelligent" U.S. foreign policy in Central America. American diplomats, however, found themselves in a somewhat awkward situation. On the same day that House Majority Leader Jim Wright (D., Tex.) was in Managua remarking the junta's respect for Western values, Minister of the Interior Tomás Borge was in North Korea with Comrade Kim Il-sung castigating "U.S. imperialism." Our UN Ambassador, Donald McHenry, found it wise discreetly to leave the room when a stanza from the new Nicaraguan national anthem was sung which called the Americans "enemies of humanity." When asked what he considered the major accomplishments of the first year of Sandinista rule, meanwhile, junta member Moisés Hassán cited the organization of the state security forces, the army, the militia, and the police. Castro, in other words, was made to feel at home.

■ There was a moment of high excitement in La Paz, Bolivia last week after the military carried out a coup against the government of interim President Lidia Gueiller Tejada—the 148th coup in Bolivian history. The 150th Bolivian Coup Committee has been organized. La Paz will be swept, painted, and refurbished. The Grand Marshal of the 150th Coup Parade has flown to Paris to be fitted out for his uniform by the Haberdasher of the Académie Française. The Bolivian army's elite Fife, Drum, and Mariachi Corps is practicing day and night, and the crack Air Force tight-formation fliers, *Los Angeles Azules*, are reported to have worked out a fantasia of aerial acrobatics. Peking is donating some of its finest fireworks, Spain some of its bravest bulls. All that remains is the coming of the great day—Bolivia's 150th coup in its 155 years of independence.



"Very uncomfortable for the dormouse," thought Alice.

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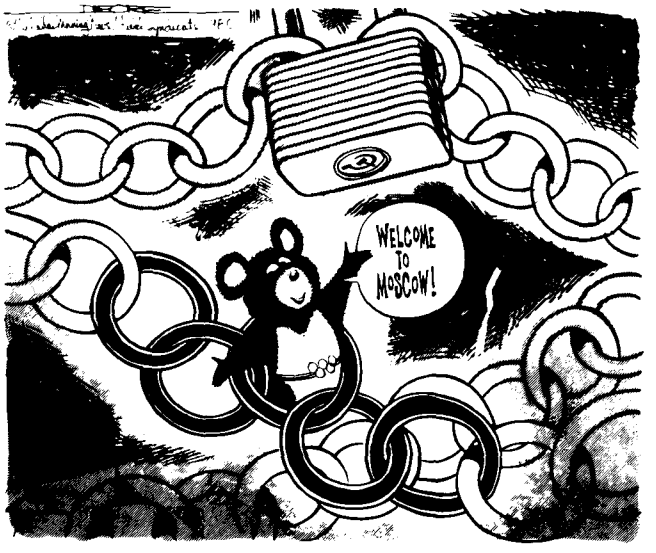

Ladbroke's is quoting 10 to 1 odds that Coup Numero Ciento Cincuenta will come before the year is out. Hotels are raising their rates for November and December, statistically the likeliest months for the great celebration.

■ Some gleanings from the international joke patrol. 1) Brezhnev explaining to a foreign diplomat why the streets of Moscow are deserted. "You've heard of the obnoxious Solzhenitsyn? He wrote incessantly. Finally we had to expel him. Now all our citizens stay inside and write, write, write . . ." 2) A Russian and a Polish smuggler find an abandoned suitcase full of money. "We'll share it like good socialist brothers," suggests the Russian. "No you don't," says the Pole, "it's got to be 50-50." 3) An anti-nuke sign in Brittany: *Oui aux moutons, non aux neutrons.*

■ New York sportscaster Warner Wolf, observing that the first Olympic gold medal had gone to a Russian for pistol-shooting, quipped: "He probably got his training in Afghanistan." The city that voted for Lindsay and McGovern flooded the station's switchboard with calls —all approving.

■ Detroit made a grand try at persuading the visiting Republicans that the city is not as crime-ridden as people think. The campaign was going fine until somebody stole the governor's Lincoln Mark IV limousine.

■ The Seminole Indians in Florida never made it into the modern world. They lived in chickee huts and eked out a living weaving baskets, wrestling alligators, and selling swamps to the Federal Government. But all that ended abruptly a year or two back when they discovered their five-hundred-acre reservation was exempt from state gambling laws. Now the tribe is earning $2.5 million a year running a high-stakes bingo parlor. They advertise on TV, provide a courtesy bus service for patrons, and retain a public-relations advisor. They are using the tribal profits to improve health facilities and to build child-care and senior citizens' centers. They are also investing in an ethanol plant (for making gasohol), to provide more jobs and income. It's amazing what a little freedom will do for the poor.

■ Witch doctors in Zimbabwe are seeking more political clout and a better image. They have an ally in Mr. Herbert Ushewokunze, the Health Minister. Mr. Ushewokunze says that the witch doctors, who diagnose the evil spells or angry spirits afflicting the patient, are more effective than conventional doctors in treating asthma, epilepsy, and psychosomatic problems. He is trying to get the business legalized and set up clinics where the witch doctors can practice. Thanks, but we'll wait until they make house calls and play golf.

■ So efficient is the Department of Energy that it managed to attract 485 people to a free conference by mailing out only 110,000 slick invitations with color brochures enclosed.

■ People who have to read about the former Shah's condition every day are BORED.

■ Anyone care to guess how long it will take the *New York Times* to pronounce Ronald Reagan "ultrasimplistic"?

Reagan's Opportunity

The first post-Detroit polls have been, well, startling. The Associated Press-NBC News Poll indicates that among the 60 per cent of the electorate that has decided on a presidential choice, 55 per cent support Reagan, 24 per cent Carter, and 15 per cent Anderson. A state-by-state analysis by Evans and Novak indicates that if the election were held today Reagan would win with 480 electoral votes to 39 for Carter and 19 for Anderson.

The election is not being held today. Much can and almost certainly will change. But those figures suggest one aspect of the opportunity now opening up before Reagan and the Republicans.

So does a historical or cyclical perspective. In 1932, for example, the Great Depression brought to an end the post-Civil War phase of Republican dominance. Not only did it create the conditions out of which Roosevelt's grand New Deal coalition could emerge, it also discredited the business ethos and the set of economic ideas and cultural attitudes that had legitimated that ethos. Analogous breakdowns and recon-

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stitutions were characteristic of the other historic turning points, 1828 and 1860, which saw the emergence of new political groupings under Jackson and Lincoln.

Everything now suggests that we stand at another such turning point in American politics. The past twenty years have seen huge demographic and economic changes. The ideas and attitudes generated by the New Deal era seem exhausted, anachronistic. Liberal economic theory has been discredited, and is in the process of being displaced intellectually. Programs institutionalized under the Great Society meet with an increasingly mutinous response. In the international arena, liberal ideas and attitudes possess a shrinking congruity with the facts. Not surprisingly, large segments of the electorate have slipped their Democratic moorings and float free, available to the correct Republican appeal.

Two powerful themes emerged at the Republican Convention and received their most potent articulation in the speeches by Kemp and Reagan. What we saw emerging there was a new Republican economics and a powerful stress on social conservatism. The new Republican economics features a stimulative tax cut and expanded production—that is, more jobs. This new economics had been resisted by the older Republican establishment associated with Gerald Ford, but it appears to have triumphed, and it allowed Kemp and Reagan to speak in a virtually Rooseveltian spirit of jobs and production. (Interestingly enough, Reagan was a Democrat until 1952; both Reagan and Kemp have been presidents of labor unions; and both have a strong appeal to blue-collar voters.) Reagan touched upon this Democratic affiliation with his appeals to the memory of FDR in his excellent acceptance speech.

The social conservatism rejects the chic permissiveness generated in the 1960s and affirms the older values of home, local school, church, and community. The ERA and abortion planks symbolized all of that, whatever their merit in the realm of actual policy; and the social conservatism theme possesses a second kind of powerful appeal, notably to former Democratic constituencies among Southerners and the urban working class.

The function of George Bush in this picture is also a symbolic one. Bush is frequently depicted as a liberal of some sort, which is preposterous; but in a largely stylistic and cultural way he reassures the older Republican establishment that it does have a place in the party; and that is a very useful role.

At Detroit, Kemp and Reagan had the words and they knew the tune. If they can carry it all the way to November, this could be one of the great turning points in American politics.

O, Volunteers

Yes, they can pull on a trigger;
  Sure, they can step on the gas.
All of them quick-step with vigor,
  Even while puffing on grass.
Still, there are nagging suspicions
  Plans will unravel like yarn
If what they ride on their missions
  Can't be repaired in the barn.

W. H. VON DREELE

Night of the Living Dead

The Ford deal, so far as one can retrieve the pieces from the litter of crows' feathers whose owners were consumed by the reporters and anchormen of the three television networks, evolved as follows:

Tuesday afternoon, July 15, Reagan and Ford met in Reagan's suite at the Detroit Plaza Hotel, where Reagan repeated a suggestion he had made earlier, most conspicuously at Ford's California ranch on June 5: Would the former President be his running-mate? Ford did not refuse, and Reagan's staff pursued the opening. Campaign director William Casey enlisted Henry Kissinger, telling him it was "essential" to get Ford.

Ford met late that night with past and present advisors—Kissinger, former economic counselor Alan Greenspan (now advising Reagan), and two aides, Robert Barrett and John Marsh. Ford had reservations—the Vice Presidency was an inherently trivial job, and he knew, from past experience with Nelson Rockefeller, how hard it was to keep a political heavyweight happy there. Ford's friends countered that replacing Carter was the "highest priority." They agreed to keep talking.

Beginning Wednesday morning, Greenspan, Barrett, Marsh, Casey, Reagan chief-of-staff Ed Meese, and pollster Richard Wirthlin chewed over the details. Kissinger urged them on, in the hope that if discussions went on long enough, Ford would find himself in a position where he couldn't refuse. A "talking paper," drawn up by the Reagan men around 2:30, sought to capture the sense of the meeting: Ford would become a kind of super Bob Haldeman, directing the flow of papers, overseeing the day-to-day activities of the Executive Branch. Ford meanwhile began discoursing to the press about the nature of the Vice Presidency; Reagan remained discreet.

At 5:15, Ford and Reagan met again and got down to specifics: without consulting either figure, Ford said he wanted Kissinger as Secretary of State and Greenspan as Secretary of the Treasury. Reagan declined the

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gambit (and at that point concluded, according to Evans and Novak, that the game could not be won). A Reagan aide called a Bush aide to ask if Bush supported the entire platform.

At 7:00, Ford went to Walter Cronkite, over the objections of Greenspan and Kissinger. Cronkite enunciated the dread word "co-Presidency," Ford did not rise up in constitutional wrath, and the television bandwagon began to roll even as the insiders' bandwagon was grinding to a halt.

Reagan and Ford spoke again by phone at 9:15. Kissinger, Ford told Reagan, had insisted that his name be removed from the discussion. Ford at that point suggested that his own decision might have to be postponed till Thursday—he had had two hours of sleep during the last 24 hours.

Reagan, however, wanted an early decision. The political fever, instead of subsiding as he had hoped, was nearly out of control. At 10:30 Ford told his wife: "I'm not going to do it." At 11:00, he told Reagan. At 11:30, the phone rang in George Bush's room.

II

The planted axiom of all this was that Ford would have helped the campaign and the Administration. One may be dubious on both counts. Ford's present standing in the polls is surely inflated. Granted, four years of Carter make three years of Ford look like the age of Pericles; still, a majority of the voters wanted Ford out in 1976—a majority which included, for eight bitter months, Ronald Reagan and half the Republican Party.

A Reagan-Ford White House would have gone just as sour. "Visions arose," wrote Murray Kempton, "of Henry Kissinger as Secretary of the Vice President's State and Donald Rumsfeld as Secretary for the Defense of the Vice President and daily press briefings where Lyn Nofziger would lay down the President's policy and Ron Nessen would announce the Vice President's reservations." The staff and Cabinet positions that were being bandied about are the most important offices at the disposal of the President. Reagan will no doubt call on the advice and talents of many former Ford men; but he will want them as Reagan men. The continuous undertow of past habits and loyalties would have pulled his Administration apart.

Bush will bring experience to a Reagan White House without any of these strong countertidal pressures. His presence on the ticket will help Reagan with some of the voters he needs to win this fall, not help him with others: Anderson hemorrhaging in the Northeast will be stanched; Reagan must go after the blue-collar vote himself.

As for Reagan's performance? He saw an attractive idea, gave it a chance (perhaps too much of one), and rejected it when irreconcilable problems arose. Give him a B+.

Jimmy as Dartboard

He built the thing all by himself;
It's life-size, leaning on a shelf.
While checking stance and elbows so
They'll hit the target every throw,
The customers in Reagan's Pub
Amuse themselves by sipping. (*Glub.*)
With Jimmy grinning from the cork,
It's possible he'll lose New York.

W. H. von Dreele

Without an If

A constitutional challenge in 1863 to the first conscription law ever enacted by Congress prompted President Abraham Lincoln to make the following observation:

> It is the first instance, I believe, in which the power of Congress to do a thing has ever been questioned in a case when the power is given by the Constitution in express terms . . .
>
> The case simply is, the Constitution provides that the Congress shall have power to raise and support armies; and by this act the Congress has exercised the power to raise and support armies. This is the whole of it. It is a law made in literal pursuance of this part of the United States Constitution. . . . The Constitution gives Congress the power, but it does not prescribe the mode, or expressly declare who shall prescribe it. In such case Congress must prescribe the mode, or relinquish the power. There is no alternative. . . . If the Constitution had prescribed a mode, Congress could and must follow that mode; but, as it is, the mode necessarily goes to Congress, with the power expressly given. The power is given fully, completely, unconditionally. It . . . is a power to raise and support armies given to Congress by the Constitution without an if.

That same authority vested in the Congress by the Constitution is the one applied by our present Congress in ordaining registration as a step antecedent to a possible renewal of conscription later on. As with all exercises of that power, this application is selective—with its effect confined to males born in 1960 and 1961. Congress so decided after explicit deliberation. Selectivity by sex is the basis advanced for assailing the constitutionality of the decision.

The line of argument—an eristic one really devised to force not the inclusion of women but the exemption of everybody—draws upon holdings by the Supreme Court made in 1954 and 1976 respectively. The former holding construed "due process of law" in the Fifth Amendment to subsume "equal protection of the laws" mentioned in the Fourteenth Amendment, thus under-

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taking to bind the Federal Government to a principle expressly prescribed for the states. The 1976 holding construed the concept of "equal protection of the laws" to require that "classifications by gender must serve important governmental objectives and must be substantially related to the achievement of those objectives." The assailants' case disparages Congress's discretion in determining military manpower needs and the mode of filling them, conjures up big ifs where before there were none, and presumes for the judiciary a prerogative to supervene in the raising and supporting of military forces. A panel of three federal judges in Philadelphia, confused as between equality and identicalness, has proved hospitable to the assailants' doctrine.

Supreme Court Justice William Brennan's sensible action in suspending the panel's injunction against proceeding with registration does not put an end to pertinent litigation. The Supreme Court as a whole will accost the issue soon and will have to choose whether to emulate the Great Emancipator in taking the plain words of the Constitution to mean what they say or to be guided by mysterious radiations apprehensible by Philadelphia lawyers.

Soviet Warfare (Economic)

Various commodity traders and experts in international markets have noticed a distinct shift in the pattern of Soviet economic activity in strategic minerals. Long a supplier to world markets of key strategic materials, the Soviet Union has recently been terminating its export contracts, and in fact has been buying in substantial quantities minerals in which it is self-sufficient. At a June conference sponsored by the World Affairs Council of Pittsburgh, Daniel Fine of MIT reported cutbacks in Soviet exports of manganese, chrome ore, platinum, nickel, vanadium, tantalum, beryllium, and titanium. Simultaneously, North Korea, a Soviet ally which has no known need for chrome, has been buying in world markets, and Soviet agents have been buying vanadium, tantalum, beryllium, and titanium in London. The Soviet purchase request for beryllium, which is used for space optics and guidance systems for missiles, was for an amount equal to the U.S. defense needs for one year.

Commodity traders see the reversal of the Soviet role from supplier to buyer as signaling a higher price for strategic materials and an opportunity for profitable investment. But the broader question is, What does this reversal in Soviet activity signify? Are the Soviets just bad capitalists, speculating that commodity prices will rise with the onset of recession in the West? Has Soviet strategic mineral production collapsed across the board? Or is the Soviet Union stockpiling for war?

Meanwhile the single beryllium plant in the U.S. is threatened with closure because of the impending imposition of OSHA emission standards that cannot be met by existing technology. CIA . . . somebody . . . please take note.

What Do Women Want?

The proponents of ERA came away from the Republican Convention with wounded feelings—only partly assuaged by Reagan's acceptance-speech caress. That they felt unsatisfied by the declaration to "eliminate, wherever it exists, discrimination against women" indicates the special symbolism with which ERA has come to be invested. It is, in fact, *only* as a symbol that ERA retains any value, since, during the protraction of the ratification process (by no means nearing conclusion), its provisions have become largely superfluous.

While the amendment itself has been shriveling on the vine, Congress and the courts have been conscientious in ratifying its provisions *de facto*. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was amended by Congress in 1972 to include Title VII, which bans sex discrimination by institutions receiving federal funds (i.e., everybody but the corner grocer). The fallout from that statute has been enormous, to the point that the EEOC recently declared even an office pass to be "sex harassment" litigable as discrimination. Title IX of the 1974 Higher Education Act prohibits sex discrimination in intercollegiate sports, etc. At the same time, state legislatures have been grinding out statutes to "equalize" everything from probate to pool rooms (some have adopted their own free-lance ERAs). But what is most important, from the point of view of the feminists, is the recent pattern of court decisions in which the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments have been construed to prohibit sex discrimination under the "equal protection" clause (cf. this month's circuit court of appeals ruling that the draft registration is unconstitutional). The proposed Twenty-Eighth Amendment is moribund, but its progeny thrive. While gender-based inequities remain law in some places, the full impact of these decisions has been to make it exceedingly uncomfortable (and in many cases illegal) to discriminate between the sexes in employment, housing, education, alimony, and a thousand other categories tilting toward the absurd. (Congress has declared pregnancy off limits as a cause for gender classification, presumably because men cannot conceive.)

The trouble with ERA as a symbol is that it would not remain, like a constitutional monarch, a harmless emblem. Without ERA, such inequities as exist can be corrected by statute. But once enacted, it would hamstring the states, the Congress, and the courts.

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With ERA, the most impassioned pleas will not permit women preferential treatment by Social Security, or insurance companies, or penal codes—or draft boards.

Buzz Off, Killanin

Delivering himself of some remarks in Moscow, Lord Killanin, outgoing president of the International Olympic Committee, referred to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as the "Christmas incident." He attributed the Carter-inspired Olympic boycott to ignorance. The U.S. Government, said Killanin, "did not understand the workings of the International Olympic Committee" —never mind that we have been the host to several Olympics, and that an "understanding" of the IOC requires something less than the available U.S. pool of intelligence. Killanin went on to suggest that if the U.S. had anticipated success in the Games, no boycott would have occurred: "To my mind, they had no knowledge other than about American football and baseball, which if they had been in the Olympic Games, perhaps we wouldn't have had the boycott"—never mind that the United States has won more medals in track and field, rowing, basketball, boxing, and weight-lifting than any other nation.

Speaking in Moscow—*Moscow*—Lord Buffoon expressed his appreciation of those who had showed their "complete independence to travel and compete." Not a trace of irony. (Lord Killanin, in passing, spoke in a country that would not give him the independence to travel to Gorky to visit with Sakharov.)

Sports columnist Red Smith commented: "The arrogance of the IOC and the people who head the organization surpasses understanding. It isn't generally known that there are no United States representatives on the committee. The IOC is a super-government and citizenship works in reverse. Two of *its* members represent *it* in the United States.

"It goes without saying that nobody can choose the name, anthem, or flag of a country except the people of that country. If some international body decided that the United States should be known henceforth as New Spain, that the flag should be a tricolor of red, blue, and green and the anthem a ditty by Arlo Guthrie, somebody named Reagan or Carter or something might raise a holler. Little things like that don't daunt the IOC. . . .

"Now the United States Government tells the Soviet Union and the IOC that it doesn't want its flag raised and anthem played in the closing ceremony of the Moscow Games. It is the custom to do this in salute to the country that will hold the Games four years hence. Lord Killanin says it doesn't matter what the United States wants. 'My own view,' he says, 'is that we should stick to protocol because this has to do with the next Games and not the present Games.' "

We have had the reign of the late Avery Brundage, and now we have had eight years of Killanin, which raises the question of whether being an ass is one of the requirements for the job, or whether the job produces that effect on those who hold it.

Hemorrhaging

With a limp and a stagger, we've started
To liquefy gas out of coal.
We may also prevail getting oil out of shale
And our industry out of a hole.
In the meantime, the tankers keep coming,
Unloading—and leaving with cash.
It's a toss-up if we have the final tee-hee,
Or the hemorrhaging triggers a crash.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I'm not asking who is "Cato," but after *which* Cato the pseudonym was chosen. Was it M. Porcius, frequently surnamed "the Censor," whose most quoted line was "*Delenda est Carthago*"? Or was it M. Porcius, the Censor's great-grandson, surnamed Uticencis, a leader of the aristocratic party opposed to Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus, who in defeat took his own life rather than submit to Caesar? Or a composite?

Given your Cato's general line, either seems apt if Carthage is the USSR and Caesar is imperialistic dictatorship. Can either you or Priscilla satisfy this Harvard man's curiosity?

Sincerely,
J. Harold DeNike
AB '28, AM '32, PhD '36
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Mr. DeNike: We asked him, and he says he embodies the best qualities of both men. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I see that I am a rare species ["Notes & Asides," April 18], a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW in the "obvious non-reading states grouped in the Kentucky/Tennessee/

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Alabama/Mississippi section." I want to assure you that the requests of fellow Alabamians for me to read to them from NATIONAL REVIEW are numerous.

"Read to us again about Joseph Sobran's views on libertarianism, Massa Mark, so we can be jest as informed as that 'unusually high' readership in Connecticut and New Hampshire," they plead with me again and again. I often go down to the General Store, "Hammers," and inform the locals about news they would never get on the Tee Vee.

In fact, television does have an impact. After watching the last *60 Minutes* episode, all the kids here want to go trick-or-treating next Halloween as Afghan rebels. The only real make-up problem is the beard stubble. Dan Rather had that down pat.

Anyway, don't be too disheartened.

Sincerely,
Mark Freshwater
Albertville, Ala.

P.S. There used to be a liberal fellah who gave readings from *The New Republic*, but he was run over by a tractor.

Aw, come on, Freshwater. On the whole, the non-reading states do a lot better at the polls than the bookish states. Love, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Received your letter soliciting contributions for your magazine and feel that I must write and explain my views on the subject.

I am a college student working for my masters' degree and am on a very strict budget and into hock up to my ears. I cannot at this time donate any money for any cause and do appreciate having received your eloquent, charming letter.

This might be a good time for me to express an opinion on your magazine. NATIONAL REVIEW has many talented writers and scholars but at times I find their views pompous, elitist, and myopic. Their viewpoint often refreshes as radical ideas are wont to do. I realize that as long as you maintain your rigorous opinions, and Marxist professors retain theirs, politics will be a body of continuing conflicts.

Politics enrages me because it poses insoluble problems that intellectuals think they can solve. I find the horror of nuclear warfare as ghastly and frightening as I'm sure any thinking person would.

Intellectualizing belongs properly to the mind and it exists really to contemplate the world of forms.

In a world of shadows platonically cast, intellectual ideas often assume ghoulish specters of reality, perverse and wicked, and a genius or gifted person with rhetorical powers is sometimes persuasively dangerous.

He can become a monomaniac impressed by his own knowledge. He ceases to grow and stifles others. Often genius is made manifest in literary art forms and a "thing of beauty is a joy forever." Art, though it is the highest creative expression of mankind, is dangerous to a political state. An art work is a magical, spiritual reconciliation in the artist, orchestrating his psychological, physical discontent into harmony.

Lesser minds, those incapable of creating art, analyze and dissemble the orchestration and take only the elements of discontent, becoming political dissidents.

Your magazine is a literary art work. It is propagandified art directed at a class of right-wing intellectuals. I find your articles stimulating and worthwhile and sometimes very dangerous and narrow.

I am a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW and am enlightened at times by your conservative viewpoint and will continue to subscribe as long as I can afford it.

Thanks again for your informative letter and regret my inability to contribute.

Yours truly,
Barry G. Baldwin
Clifton, N.J.

Dear Mr. Baldwin: Perfectly okay. Your ode is sufficient contribution. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

To complete the picture on Anglo-French tensions as illustrated by expressions used in French and English, Father Paul Yerger ["Notes & Asides," March 31] should be made aware that a "French letter" is called a "*capote anglaise*" in French. As an aside, the Germans call it a "*Paris*," pronounced "Parees," with the stress on the last syllable. That's two against the French, as international tensions mount. Best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
Hans van Wouw Koeleman
Dauphin, Pa.

■ Mr. William Buckley:

Before your gratuitous snide asides on surnames get to be habitual ["Klutznick (Klutznick!)" (*NR*, March 21, page 325)] you might well cover your own rear.

During the Big War our Aussie friends on New Guinea had a snigger-and-smirk term for the boys that took up with the bush girls for R&R (rut and relief). It was said they "went Buckley." Seems that the Irish Buckleys were not *all* prelates and pundits.

With commiseration,
E. F. Wood
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Mr. Wood: Not all bush girls are prelates and pundits, ho ho ho! Cordially,

—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

Clippings

NEAL B. FREEMAN

YOUR FAVORITE magazine has been getting a bit of ink lately. It started with the *Times* report, quickly disavowed by Vic Gold, that George Bush finds no further use for NATIONAL REVIEW. Bush supporter and *NR* contributor Gold tells us (in a letter to the editor two issues back) that Bush actually had no further use for the gentleman pictured *on the cover* of a particular issue of *NR*—John Anderson, as it happens. Okay, we'll buy that. Then came a *Wall Street Journal* piece by Albert Hunt, describing the impact *Human Events* carries with Reagan activists. To underscore the special influence of the Washington weekly, Bush staffer David Keene drew a distinction between *Human Events* and *NR*. The former is read by the party faithful, said Keene, while *NR* is read by upper-middle-class types who discuss it on the golf course. Well, perhaps, though it comes as something of a demographic surprise to hear that thoughtful golfers now outnumber conservative Republicans.

There followed, during the same fortnight, a wire-service story quoting John Sears on the problems of the Reagan campaign. Sears, who did not leave them laughing when he departed the Reagan campaign last February, is both a credible witness and, as always, mischievously provocative. One of the major problems, says Sears, is that the candidate frequently picks up ideas directly from magazines and newspapers. These ideas—unfiltered by other and presumably wiser minds—sometimes pass unedited into the candidate's public statements. One of the principal sources of such back-channel information, Sears charges, is none other than the notorious NATIONAL REVIEW. The implication hangs tantalizingly from the tail of the Sears interview: somebody had better cut off the candidate's subscription or the campaign (and perhaps the Western world) is in danger.

Of course not all of our press is that bad. Just last week, for instance, a senior GOP official quoted three paragraphs from this space in a piece for the *Post*. It's true the gentleman forgot to identify the authorship of the incandescent passage, but perhaps he reckoned as unacceptably risky the association with well-to-do golfers. In any event, if Reagan reads the *Post*, we could find ourselves in hot water all over again. The links in our *samizdat* chain could be broken and the entire sordid plot revealed.

■ The hottest book in Washington this summer, bar none, is *The Spike*, the *roman à clef* by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss. The former is *Newsweek*'s longtime diplomatic correspondent, a colorful and passionate anti-Communist who has survived countless editorial coups launched against him by intramural enemies. The latter is a young Australian-born journalist who has had his ideological differences with the editors of another influential magazine, *The Economist*. Their story, which is by now well known, concerns the "disinformation" activities of the KGB. In some cases, the novel implies, the KGB leads Western journalists around by the nose, shaping their stories, building their reputations, and then borrowing their leverage. In what could be an important journalistic development, a major news organization here has assigned a crack reporter to investigate the possibility that *The Spike* is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

■ Reading deep into the annual report of the Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University, we stumbled across the notation that Mr. Red Auerbach, General Manager of the Boston Celtics, had been invited to address the tony legions of our Leadership for Tomorrow. Said the cigar-waving Auerbach: "Foreign Service officers go to the Fletcher School, Georgetown, or some such place where they learn which fork to use, what to say, and how to kiss rear ends. I know what it's all about. Sports can change our image. I'm not so nearsighted as to believe it's everything. But if we'd flooded some of these countries with athletes instead of cocktail drinkers, it might have been a different ball game today."

■ The Reagan camp is beginning to fret over those articles popping up on op-ed pages to the effect that high intellectual attainment is not a necessary condition for an effective Presidency. (See Stephen Miller's piece in the *Washington Post*, Kenneth Adelman's piece in the *Wall Street Journal*, *et passim*.) The Reaganites know that these efforts are well-intentioned, but they also know that they are politically counterproductive. Within the campaign staff, it is known as "the Hruska argument," recalling the former Nebraska senator's defense of substandard Supreme Court appointees on the grounds that mediocre people deserve some representation. Reaganites persistently challenge the premise of the argument that Reagan is not in the same IQ league with his opponents. They point out, accurately, that he outdebated all of his GOP rivals; they predict, unanimously, that he will do as well with Jimmy Carter.

■ And lastly, thanks to a reader for sending us a copy of the Office of Personnel Management memorandum 296-71. OPM, the new name for the old Civil Service, finds it necessary to clarify the "defend the Constitution" phrase in the Civil Service Oath of Office. In a memo from OPM Deputy Director Jule M. Sugarman to "Heads of Departments and Independent Establishments, we find the following passage: "Persons have questioned whether they as individuals would actually be expected to 'bear arms' in the case of a national emergency or some similar situation. . . . The General Counsel of the Office of Personnel Management has interpreted the 'defend the Constitution' phrase . . . in line with the *Girouard* decision. Therefore, the 'defend the Constitution' phrase . . . *does not* imply that the prospective Civil Service employee would be expected to bear arms."

Glad we got that straight. Or did we? What about our men and women in uniform? □

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The Soviet Timetable

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

I AM NOT, alas, privy to the deliberations of the Soviet Politburo; but this deficiency permits me to speculate freely upon its collective intentions, unshackled by a precise account of what Suslov said to Ustinov and what Andropov's comments were until Brezhnev closed the discussion.

At all events, the pieces on the chessboard are visible to the naked eye, and it is usually far easier for observers to guess or forecast what the Soviets will do than what the Americans and Europeans will do, or more likely fail to do, in response. As General Gallois rightly says, the Russians have the initiative, and everything flows from that fact.

What, then, are the pieces on the chessboard? Those that count in any timetable between now and the end of the year are: Afghanistan, Iran, "Baluchistan," Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, the Yemens, and Oman; Israel, Egypt, Syria, and Iraq; the Helsinki Review Conference in Madrid; and the American and German elections.

Given the Brezhnev Doctrine, Leninism, and the necessary myth of the invincibility of the Red Army, all Western appeals or plans for the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Afghanistan and the neutralization of that victimized country are totally futile, except for the possible embarrassment they may cause the USSR. Afghan resistance is therefore a major factor in the Soviet timetable. If it is greater, they will bring in more force; if it slackens, the Soviet military commitment can be reduced by installments to lull the West into a false sense of security.

Soviet Brutalities

Talking with the leader of the main Afghan resistance group, Sayed Ahmed Gailani, in London the other day, and accepting his estimates as probably not far off the mark, I learned that, as of mid-June, there were about sixty thousand Afghan fighting men in battle trim. If weapons and clothing are forthcoming from well-wishers, the resistance forces could top 200,000. If Western leaders devoted as much energy to arming and clothing the Afghan freedom fighters as to denouncing the Russians or visiting Brezhnev, the chances of a "Soviet Vietnam" would be dramatically increased.

One very good reason why the Russians cannot possibly evacuate Afghanistan until the peace of death has settled over its mountains is that the full picture of the horrors they are inflicting would then become known to the world. Moreover, any evacuation would be followed immediately by the downfall of the puppet regime of Babrak Karmal, and Communism would have retreated for the first time since 1917 (bearing in mind that China and Yugoslavia remain Communist).

Will the Russians invade other areas? One of the most tempting is the entity known as "Baluchistan," a legal fiction covering the Baluchi populations of Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Iran. For many years, the Soviets have encouraged the notion of an "independent" Baluchistan. Recently, they moved the Soviet-trained Abdul Samad and other Baluchi leaders from Moscow to Kabul. The cadres are thus at hand for the installation of a puppet regime which will proclaim the independence of Baluchistan, then appeal for Soviet aid to maintain itself in power.

Despite the understandable fears of the Pakistanis, Pakistan is not of urgent interest to the Russians—although Pakistani territory occupied by the Baluchis (and stretching to the Indian Ocean) *is* of interest. However, the international standing of Pakistan, whatever the critics of General Zia may say, is far more secure than that of Iran. A Soviet invasion of Iranian Baluchistan does, therefore, seem a probability. Moreover, Iran has oil; Pakistan does not.

The question is when. The American elections are on November 4, and the Madrid conference is scheduled to open on the 11th. For the Russians, Madrid is, or should be, a propaganda exercise, a battle in the campaign to revive detente. A fresh invasion before or during the conference would be counterproductive, and if the Soviets seek to postpone the conference, this could be a danger signal, not to be ignored.

Moscow's interest in the American and German elections is clear. They would like Schmidt and Carter to be re-elected. In Germany's case, the arguments are exquisite. Every sign of Soviet aggressiveness should logically play into the hands of Franz-Josef Strauss, who has consistently diagnosed and denounced Soviet intentions, but a fresh aggression could favor Schmidt as the man of appeasement and "peace."

Similarly, but for different reasons, a fresh Soviet aggression could strengthen Carter: not because he is Jimmy Carter but because he is the incumbent President. It is fair to assume that a timely release of the hostages could also help President Carter, and at this point the question is whether their release is in Brezhnev's power.

A Show Trial?

Clearly, President Bani-Sadr is utterly powerless in the matter of the hostages. As for the ailing Ayatollah Khomeini, all indications are that his authority is negative rather than positive. In other words, he can veto proposed actions and prevent things from occurring. His power to *do* things seems circumscribed. The "students" who seized the hostages include Iranian Communists; some were trained by the Cubans (again, controlled by Moscow); others by the PLO (a Soviet instrument, though possibly not under complete Moscow control). The leverage in Soviet hands is thus considerable.

But again, the arguments are exquisitely balanced. The temptations of a great show trial of the CIA man in the hands of the "students," along with his "accomplices," must be strong. A useful compromise, politically and psychologically, might therefore be to release all the hostages except those labeled as spies, and then to try them.

The Arab and Israeli pieces on the chessboard provide question marks of another kind. If the Camp David accords hold, then the next Arab-Israeli war would be an Israeli-Syrian war, and Syria looks to the USSR for protection, Iraq having moved away from Moscow. I leave *NR* readers with these sobering thoughts. □

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COVER STORY

Morality AND THE Neutron Bomb

SAMUEL T. COHEN

I MET THOMAS MURRAY in the summer of 1959, when I was to give him and a ranking Pentagon official a briefing on the neutron bomb. Murray was at that time a consultant to the Joint Atomic Energy Committee of the U.S. Congress. Previously, from 1950 to 1957, he had served on the Atomic Energy Commission. He held a number of highly controversial views—including the belief that the United States should develop small tactical nuclear weapons for use in ground wars rather than depend on massive thermonuclear retaliation to deter such wars.

Thomas Murray, a deeply devout Catholic and very active and influential in U.S. Catholic circles, brought to the AEC a concern that the U.S. nuclear-weapon program be based on moral as well as military and political considerations. He was often referred to as "the conscience of the [Atomic Energy] Commission" because of his moral convictions.

Our meeting was eminently successful, for two reasons: I had found someone who supported my views on the military atom; and Murray had found the weapon he had been looking for—namely, a battlefield nuclear weapon, which made it possible to limit the war to the battlefield and thereby to save civilians from the worst ravages of war. In other words, he finally had found a nuclear weapon whose use was both rational and, as he regarded it as a Christian, morally defensible.

The following year, Murray wrote to presidential candidates Richard Nixon and John Kennedy, seeking to impress upon them the need to develop neutron warheads. Since the nature of the neutron bomb was cloaked in official secrecy at that time, he referred to it in his letters only in the most general terms: "a radically new type of nuclear weapon, a 'third generation' weapon, as radically different from the H-bomb as the H-bomb was from the Hiroshima-type A-bomb."

> The new weapon will not be a larger and more efficient H-bomb, nor a smaller and more efficient A-bomb. It will be a weapon of a different category. All that may be said of it here is that it is primarily antipersonnel in destination and effect. Hence it is apt for proper military use. It lends itself to a new type of nuclear strategy that would be more narrowly military in character. And it need not create suicidal hazards for the country that employs it. Therefore, a moral argument for the use of the new weapon is possible, as it is generally not possible in the case of immense weapons of sheer mass-destruction . . .

The Soviet Union did not share Thomas Murray's views on the neutron bomb. Two years later, during the first major open debate over neutron weapons, Nikita Khrushchev described them as the essence of capitalist immorality:

> Yes, comrades, so these people think. They are acting on the principle of robbers wanting to kill a man in such a way that his suit will not be stained with blood, in order to appropriate the suit. That, in effect, is what the neutron bomb is . . . to develop a bomb by means of which it would be possible to kill people but to preserve all riches—here it is, the bestial ethics of the most aggressive representatives of imperialism . . .

In 1977, when it was inadvertently revealed that the U.S. was developing neutron warheads for its Lance battlefield missile, the second major neutron-bomb debate erupted, at a far higher emotional pitch than the first. U.S. Senator Mark Hatfield said the weapon was "in the realm of the unconscionable." In West Germany, Egon Bahr, Secretary General of the ruling SPD, called it "a symbol for the perversion of human thinking." Leonid Brezhnev denounced it as an "inhuman weapon" and appealed for "agreement on mutual denunciation of the production of the neutron bomb so as to save the world from the appearance of this new mass annihilation weapon."

In the spring of 1978, I was invited to a private dinner in Manhattan at the restaurant of an old and dear friend, former Air Force General Richard Cella. Among those also invited were two monsignors from the Vatican. One was Giovanni Cheli, the Vatican's Observer to the United Nations.

The dinner over, General Cella told the group that I had developed the original concept of the neutron bomb. He was sure, he said, that they had many questions to ask of me and I would be glad to respond. They did indeed ask many questions, mainly dealing with the moral aspects of the bomb, and I replied as best I could to all of them.

Mr. Cohen entered the nuclear-weapons business in 1944 at Los Alamos. He has since worked for the RAND Corporation and has been a consultant to the Pentagon, the Air Force, and the Los Alamos and Livermore nuclear-weapons laboratories. He played a key role in the development of the neutron bomb.

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Finally, I was asked whether I favored production of the neutron bomb. Because my personal role in the weapon's development might disqualify me from giving an unbiased opinion, I reversed the question and asked my interlocutors how *they* felt about it. Among those who responded affirmatively were the two priests. And when Monsignor Cheli voted yes, a look of amazement crossed Cella's face.

After dinner, Cella took me by the arm and escorted me to his office. "You have just made a most important conversion," he told me; and then explained that Cheli had come to the dinner opposed to the bomb on moral grounds.

A few weeks later, Cella called me. Would I be willing to come to New York to have dinner with Archbishop Agostino Casaroli, who would be arriving from the Vatican to address the United Nations Conference on Disarmament?

The dinner was held at the Vatican Mission in Manhattan and was attended by a small group of people, the majority of them priests. I was seated between Casaroli and a young Jesuit who had studied international relations at Harvard. The Jesuit was well versed in problems of nuclear-weapon policy and strategy. With such a background in common, we quickly entered into a discussion of these issues. As our conversation proceeded, the others at the table fell silent, including Archbishop Casaroli, who proved that evening to be a very good and tolerant listener.

It was soon apparent that the Jesuit was opposed to any use of tactical nuclear weapons, including neutron weapons, for theological and moral reasons. When I pressed him as to the underlying basis for his opposition, he answered very directly: "Nuclear weapons are vastly more destructive than high-explosive weapons." He felt no need to go any further. However, I did; and maintained that moral judgment on any weapon had to incorporate considerations of human affairs, matters of war and peace, and so on. In exasperation, and certainly irreverently, I exclaimed that to hold to such an abstract position and not take into account the problems of the real world was, in effect, an immoral position. The Archbishop said nothing.

The others now joined in the discussion, and Casaroli soon excused himself to get some much-needed sleep. He expressed his appreciation for my coming and for my views; and some days later he sent me a medal from his Holiness, Pope Paul VI.

Last June, I received another call from General Cella. Archbishop Cheli (he had been elevated since I had last seen him) was taking a contingent of Americans to Rome as guests of Casaroli, who was about to become a cardinal and had been appointed the new Vatican Secretary of State. Cheli was inviting me for the occasion. I accepted, and went to Rome for what turned out to be the most meaningful and moving experience of my professional life.

Upon our arrival in Rome, Cheli, Cella, a monsignor from Brooklyn (my birthplace), and I were received by Casaroli in his apartment. We conversed for about an hour. The next morning, along with thousands of others, we gathered in a huge auditorium where Pope John Paul II presided over the investiture ceremonies for the new cardinals. This was followed by a lunch in Cardinal Casaroli's honor at a Catholic orphanage. A hundred or so of his guests and a number of the Vatican hierarchy (including several cardinals) were present.

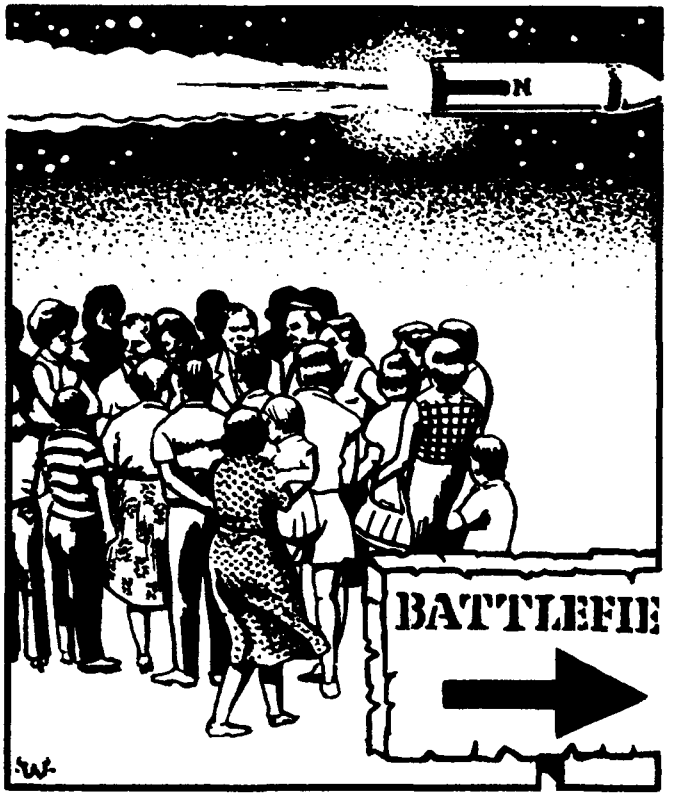
A reception preceded the lunch. Feeling a little out of place as one of the few foreigners there, I slipped away with Cella into a quiet corner where I sipped my Campari. But not for long. Archbishop Cheli soon came up to me, took me by the arm, and proceeded to introduce me to some of the cardinals in a manner I had never before experienced.

The first introduction was to an Italian cardinal of rather slight, even frail, proportions. Speaking in English, Cheli said: "Your Eminence, may I introduce Sam Cohen. He is the father of the neutron bomb." His Eminence and I were both in a state of stark disbelief—he, because he obviously could not imagine being face to face with such a person; and I, because I found it inconceivable that I could be so introduced to a ranking prelate of the Church.

The startled cardinal literally shuddered, looked at me, and exclaimed: "You must be a terrible person." I did not know what to say; but I was saved by Cheli, who stated: "No, your Eminence, I can assure you that Mr. Cohen is a highly moral person." We chatted briefly, then Cheli led me to the next cardinal, where the same introduction was made . . . I was completely dumbfounded by it all.

The lunch, of course, was a splendid affair. I was seated at a table next to the dais where Casaroli and several of his fellow cardinals sat. Next to me was another American, a medical-book publisher who had come to know Casaroli. As we conversed, it became plain that he was a member of the anti-nuclear-weapons establishment in America. I gave him no clues as to my professional pursuits or my particular identity.

Before the lunch was over, a cardinal seated next to Casaroli signaled for attention; spoke, in Italian, on behalf of his



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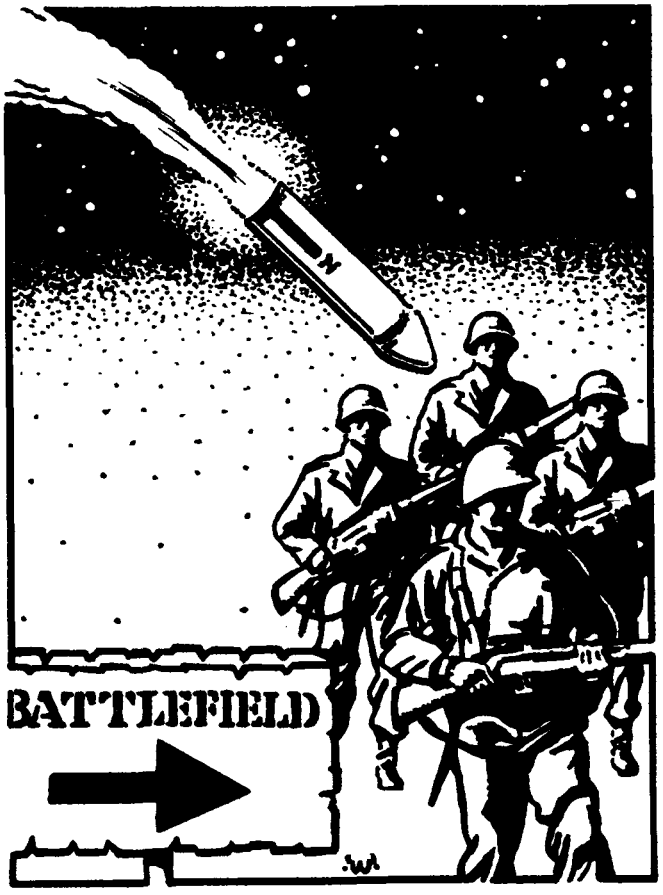
new colleague; and then asked him to say a few words. Casaroli rose and spoke in English. He could not speak very long, he told us, since he had an appointment with the Pope. He was most grateful that his honored guests could be with him on this most special occasion and wished that he could introduce all of them; however, there was not sufficient time and he could present only two of his guests. I was the first; the American beside me was the second. And then Casaroli had to leave.

My American companion was clearly startled that I should have been chosen for an introduction and undoubtedly puzzled as to who I was. However, when he was introduced in turn, his self-satisfaction quickly transcended his puzzlement. As for myself, I was, of course, startled too, but at the same time I had never been so deeply moved. Never in America had I been paid an honor even remotely approaching that given to me by Casaroli.

When Casaroli had left, a guest at our table turned to my American companion and said: "You do not know who Mr. Cohen is. He is the father of the neutron bomb." My companion's face took on a look of utter, indescribable bewilderment. He simply did not know what to say.



Very early on a Monday morning, a few dozen of Casaroli's guests, relatives, and Vatican colleagues were seated at a small garden chapel used on certain occasions by his Holiness. This occasion was a special Mass for his new Eminence. The Pope emerged and, a few feet from me, conducted Mass. The Mass over, his Holiness mingled with the audience. Cardinal Casaroli came up to me: "Have you met his Holiness?" He led me to the Pope and introduced me almost exactly as Archbishop Cheli previously had done.

If his Holiness was startled at meeting me, he showed no sign. Rather, he looked squarely at me and said: "I trust you are working for peace?" I assured him I was, as best I could in my own way. He expressed his appreciation. We chatted a bit, shook hands, and he turned to another guest. Shortly afterwards I left the Vatican and Rome, to return home.

BEFORE HE DIED, in the early 1960s, Thomas Murray wrote a book called *Nuclear Policy for War and Peace*. "I do not see how it is possible to write a meaningful book on the subject of atomic-energy policies," he wrote, "except from a moral standpoint. Morality is not an esoteric science reserved to theologians and ethicians. Far from it; it pertains to a mode of human judgment just as universal as human reason itself." Murray devoted particular attention to "The Christian Tradition of Warfare":

> . . . Not a few have expressed serious doubts as to whether there is such a thing as a tradition of civilized warfare. Like the Decalogue, it has been violated so often and so blatantly, and it is so difficult to comply with fully in any event, that men prefer simply to ignore it or to deny its existence outright. But the moral order always survives its own violation . . . In the very same sense (for it is also a part of the moral order), the tradition of civilized warfare, fought for moral ends and with moral means, continues to exert its binding effect upon us despite man's wanton disregard of it in the century of total war.
>
> . . . The Christian Fathers realized that since force may be harnessed to evil purposes, it must also be available for defending the order of justice, lest criminals and unscrupulous rulers think they could violate that order with impunity. They looked upon war as a sad necessity, but a necessity nevertheless . . .
>
> But, while upholding the legitimacy of the military function and the military profession in society, Christianity categorically rejected the barbaric idea that the use of military force is not subject to any moral restraints. A sharp distinction was drawn between the "just war," fought to vindicate juridical rights, and the "unjust war," launched for adventure, plunder, or gladiatorial glory. The foundation for this doctrine was laid by Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustine . . . In the days of the Truce of God and the Peace of God, the conduct of warfare was limited as to the times and places of fighting, as well as to the classes of persons who could neither be pressed into military service nor made targets of belligerent action. Indeed, one of the noblest features of Western military tradition was the protective wall which was erected around civilian populations and peaceful activities—a wall which military men observed for several centuries with remarkable fidelity . . .

In closing, and now interjecting myself as a nuclear-weapons analyst, I would like to say that the city walls which for hundreds of years spared French communities the ravages of war, which otherwise went on interminably, epitomize the defenses in the Nuclear Age made possible by neutron weapons. Used in conjunction with barriers designed to prevent incursions into Western Europe and other areas threatened by invasion, these weapons can speak for the determination of free nations to remain free while sparing "civilian populations and peaceful activities" from the carnage and destruction which have accompanied warfare ever since advances in destructive weapons made it possible to batter down the walls.

Is it possible that a reinstitution of Europe's ancient walls, buttressed by neutron weapons and other nuclear devices of a similar nature, may represent a moral force opposed to such war; especially if it serves to prevent it from happening? □

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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley has just published the latest in his series of spy thrillers (*Who's on First*, selling now in bookstores nationwide). It continues the international adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent — it's the third Buckley novel so far. The first (*Saving the Queen*) is only available in the paperback reprint edition, but *we* have a number of copies of the *second* one, *Stained Glass*, in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95).

If you have not yet read any of these best-selling books, we can offer you the opportunity to get a *free* and postpaid copy of *Stained Glass* if you will do us the favor of subscribing now (or renewing your current subscription) for a full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $24 rate. You not only get this $8.95 hardcover book free, but you also protect yourself against any possible price increases.

Of course what we expect you will do is read and enjoy *Stained Glass* — then run right out and buy the latest one as well! But whatever you do, don't miss this opportunity to get one of the original Buckley novels *free*.

Stained Glass is a perfect example of *why* these novels have won such critical acclaim. Sure, they're in the thriller *genre*, but only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements — marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels, you can be sure. This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page right now.

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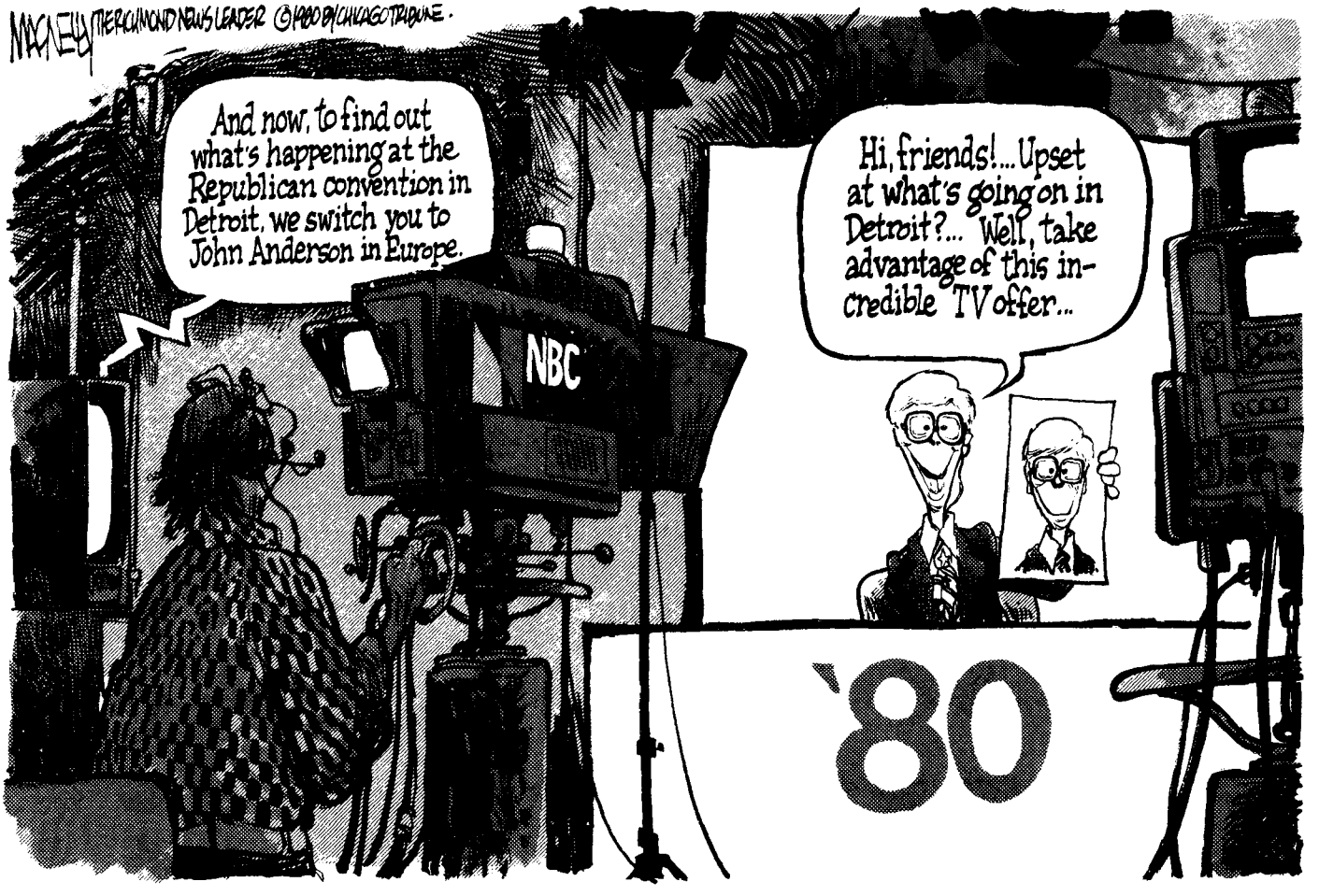
help!!!!

Mr. Reagan, to the Podium

We need a speech like Bryan's "Cross of Gold."
It must be thick with facts and have a theme.
Its logic should be lucid and unfold
Inexorably, as in Joseph's dream.
The speech should cultivate our self-esteem;
A backward look would deftly tell us why.
We've wallowed long enough with academe,
And now's the time to bid the profs goodbye.
The middle part could crisply specify
Our military weakness, warts and all.
To guarantee the words electrify,
It never hurts to crib from Charles de Gaulle.
As for the peroration, it should score
The way you rocked 'em back in Sixty-Four.

W. H. von Dreele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And now, to find out what's happening at the Republican convention in Detroit, we switch you to John Anderson in Europe.
NBC
Hi, friends!... Upset at what's going on in Detroit?... Well, take advantage of this incredible TV offer...
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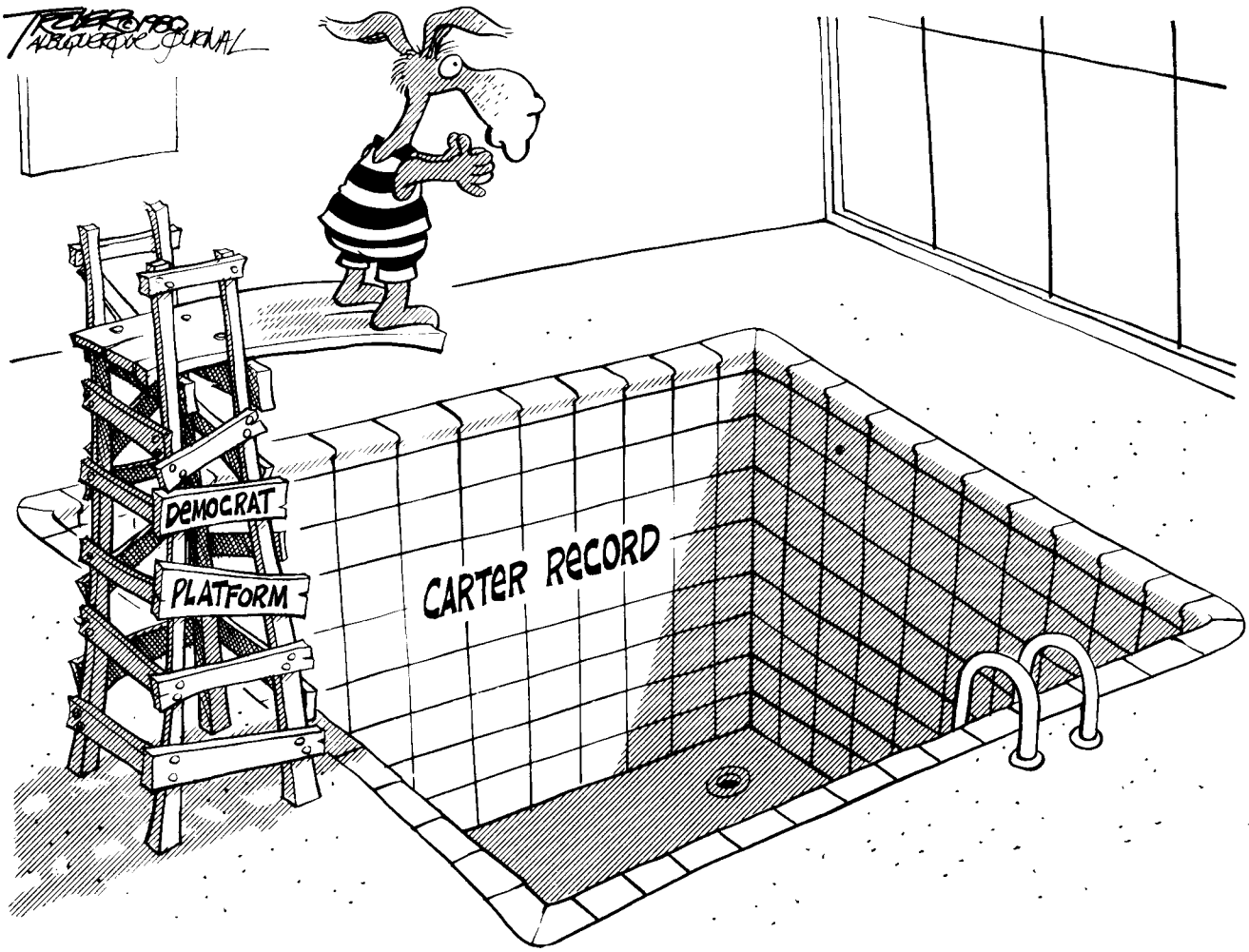

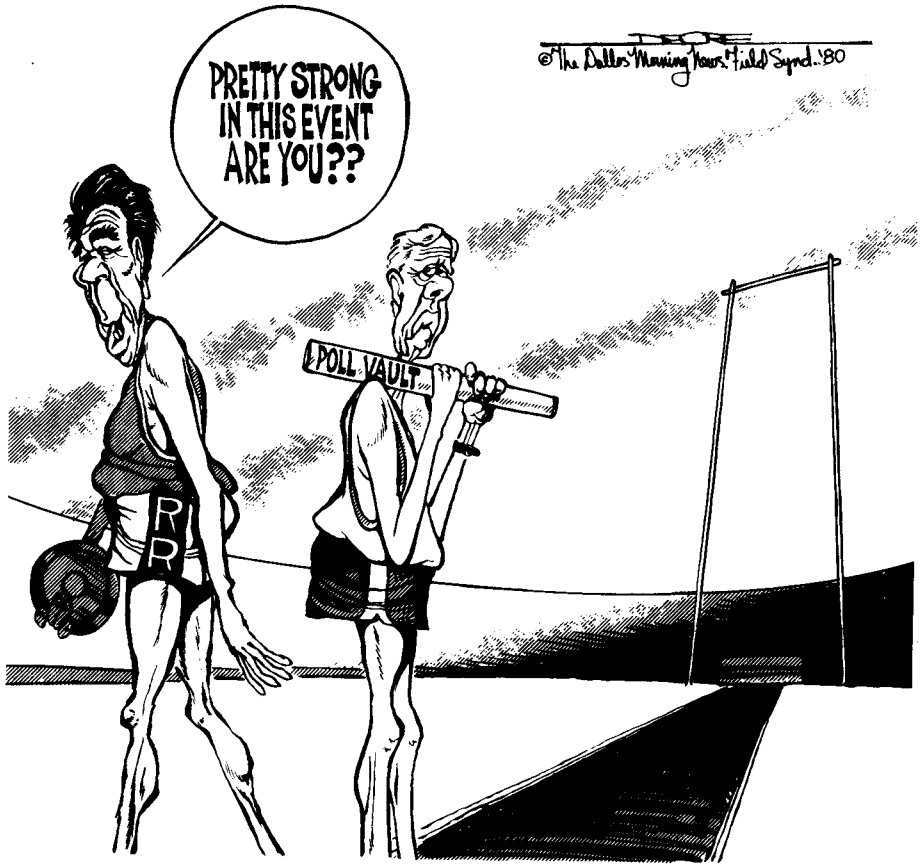

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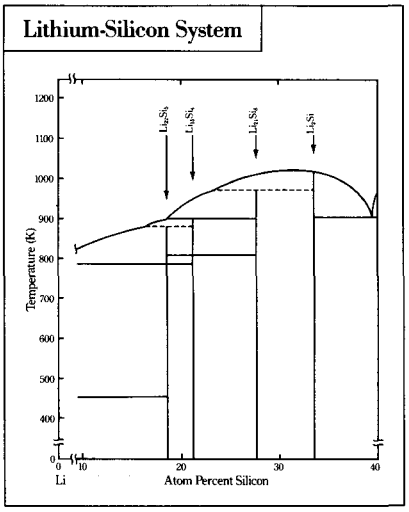
The Lithium Paradigm

The practicality of a mass-produced electric car depends upon the development of a long-life, low-cost, rechargeable battery. Recent discoveries at the General Motors Research Laboratories have encouraged scientists seeking to harness the abundant but elusive energy available in lithium—a highly desirable battery component.



Partial phase diagram of the lithium-silicon system. Lithium activity changes by two orders of magnitude in the concentration range shown.

Color-enhanced scanning electron micrograph showing the results of lithium attack on boron nitride.

HIGH ELECTROPOSITIVity and low equivalent weight make lithium an ideal battery reactant, capable of supplying the specific energy needed to operate an electric vehicle. The source of the abundant energy available in lithium, however, is exactly what makes it almost impossible to manage. The challenge is to prepare alloys and find materials stable enough to contain the aggressiveness of lithium without greatly suppressing its activity.

New knowledge of the thermodynamic properties of lithium-containing materials has been revealed by fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories. Investigations, carried out by Dr. Ram Sharma and his colleagues, aim at developing a basic comprehensive understanding of selected "exotic" systems. Their work is directly related to the search for an advanced molten salt battery cell.

Specific energies greater than 180 W·h/kg, about five times that of the lead-acid battery, have been demonstrated by electrochemical cells utilizing LiCl-KCl electrolyte and electrodes of metal sulfide and lithium alloy. But operating temperatures of 723 K and the aggressive nature of the chemical reactants pose serious new challenges to cell construction materials. Of particular concern is the lithium attack upon separators and seal components. Most inorganic insulators, including the refractory oxides and nitrides, are destroyed or rendered conductive by this attack. Boron nitride, one of the more resistant materials, has been the subject of Dr. Sharma's recent, successful efforts to establish conditions under which attack may be avoided.

Dr. Sharma began by exploring the thermodynamics of the lithium-silicon system. Silicon reduces the activity of lithium without substantially increasing its weight, and produces a manageable solid at 723 K.

Constant-current potentiometry experiments were carried out in an inert atmosphere. The electrochemical cell consisted of a Li-Si alloy positive electrode, a eutectic mixture of LiCl-KCl electrolyte, and two Li-Al alloy electrodes—one negative and one reference electrode.

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A series of anodic and cathodic cycles at very low current densities indicated three well-defined voltage plateaus below 80 atom percent lithium composition. This behavior was confirmed by experiments in which pure silicon was used in place of Li-Si alloy as the starting material.

The results were used to modify the Li-Si phase diagram, which indicated only two such plateaus. The revised phase diagram shows four compounds: Li_2Si, $Li_{21}Si_8$, $Li_{15}Si_4$ and $Li_{22}Si_5$. The exact composition of $Li_{21}Si_8$ had not previously been known.

Dr. Sharma confirmed the existence of the new compound by x-ray diffraction analysis. He determined its melting point to be 976 ± 8 K by differential thermal analysis. He produced a scanning electron micrograph that clearly indicates a single phase for the compound. He was also able to determine the maximum nonstoichiometric ranges of the lithium-silicon compounds from charge passed during the transitions between voltage plateaus.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE lithium activity present in the system's various compounds allowed Dr. Sharma to evaluate the stability of boron nitride with Li-Si alloys of differing composition.

A controlled potential was imposed on a boron nitride cloth sample in an electrochemical cell. By monitoring the current in the cell at different potentials, Dr. Sharma established the point at which lithium activity produces reaction.

Boron nitride was found to react with $Li_{15}Si_4$ only when in the presence of $Li_{22}Si_5$. The new compound, $Li_{21}Si_8$, did not exhibit sufficient lithium activity to attack boron nitride.

Reaction occurred according to the following equation:

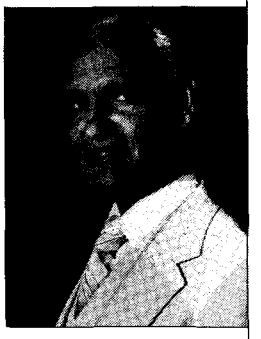
$$BN + (3+x)\,Li = Li_xB + Li_3N$$

The lithium nitride that formed during reaction dissolved in the molten salt electrolyte, but the lithium boride remained on the surface and became electronically conductive, causing high self-discharge in the cell.

"The establishment of the region of stability of boron nitride makes it possible to recommend appropriate charging limits," according to Dr. Sharma.

"Restricting the amount of charge in keeping with the recommended limits will control lithium activity, preventing the formation of highly-conductive compounds and adding durability to an electrochemical system which already displays high specific energy. Ultimately, that brings the prospect of high-performance electric vehicles closer to reality."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Ram Sharma is a Senior Research Scientist in the Department of Electrochemistry at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Sharma was educated in India and England. He graduated from Banaras Hindu University with an M. Sc. in physical chemistry. He received a Ph. D. in physical chemistry and chemical metallurgy from London University's Imperial College of Science and Technology.

Before joining General Motors in 1970, Dr. Sharma conducted research at the Argonne National Laboratory, the Institute of Direct Energy Conversion at the University of Pennsylvania, the Nuffield Research Group in England and the National Metallurgical Laboratory in India.

GM General Motors
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TEACHING THE HOLOCAUST

Courses on the Holocaust are now being taught in many schools. How good are they? More important still, how accurate are they? Won't they intensify rather than lay to rest Christian-Jewish animosities?

Are Christians Responsible?

MICHAEL SCHWARTZ

DR. FRANKLIN LITTELL, the well-known ecumenist and Temple University religion professor, is chairman of the National Institute on the Holocaust. Through the Institute, he and his colleagues are to promote research and teaching on the Nazi era. This is a laudable work, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the Institute will produce not only increased understanding of a particularly brutal period of history, but insight into human nature and possibly even safeguards against the occurrence of such an atrocity in the future.

But for all his good intentions, Dr. Littell follows a very curious method of improving Jewish-Christian relations. He apparently thinks that by making Christianity a scapegoat, he can help bring about greater understanding, tolerance, and interfaith cooperation.

In an interview for CBS Radio's *World of Religion* program last October, Littell noted that the Holocaust is a problem for Christians:

> The question is, How could Jesus be the Messiah if His followers feel that they must torment other men? How could this have happened in the heartland of the Reformation, in the heart of Christendom? The people who ran the death camps were all baptized Christians, with very few exceptions. And they weren't even rebuked by the church leaders, let alone excommunicated.

In other words, according to the picture Littell paints, while the Nazis were committing genocide against the Jews,

the leaders of the Christian churches sat silently on the sidelines implicitly blessing the operation. Littell goes on to say that Christians cannot turn around now and disown the Nazis:

> The only members of the inner circle who were not church members were Bormann and Darré. Adolf Hitler died a Roman Catholic in good standing. Hermann Goering died a Protestant in good standing. And now it's too little and too late to say they were pagans.

In an interview for the Temple University alumni magazine, he sounded the same refrain, repeating the assertion that Hitler died "a Catholic in good standing" and declaring that "Most Christians in Germany ran like yellow dogs."

Lest what follows seem too harshly critical of Dr. Littell, let me point out that in the same interview he also said some quite valuable things. For instance, he said that for Christians, anti-semitism is "unbelief and blasphemy"—a point also made by the German bishops under Hitler and by Pope Pius XI when he declared that "we are all spiritual Semites." He stressed the importance of moral training in technical education, asking, "What are we doing in our medical schools so that there's a commitment to life?" And he probed the depth of commitment Christians have to their own beliefs, asking, "How do you get Christians who stay Christian under pressure?"

On all of these points, Littell's comments were right on target. The problem is that he placed them in a context that lays the blame for the Holocaust squarely at the feet of practicing Christians.

Jesuit historian Robert Graham, the Vatican archivist who is recognized as one of the world's foremost experts on the Nazi era, has done research that demonstrates just how uninformed are the charges Littell made against Christianity in his radio remarks.

"The allegation that Hitler was a 'good Catholic,'" Father Graham writes, "hinges on the fact that he continued to pay his obligatory church tax or *Kirchensteuer*, a tax collected (by the civil, not the religious, authorities) from all church members in Germany. Why would Hitler, in spite of his own scorn for the Church, continue to pay such a tax? In fact, he tried hard to get out of it.

Only by formally apostatizing could a German citizen be relieved of the *Kirchensteuer*. In 1931, Hitler acted as best man at the wedding of Joseph Goebbels in a religious ceremony in a Protestant church. Under canon law then in force, both men incurred automatic excommunication. Both of them

Mr. Schwartz is executive director of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights.

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looked upon this turn of events as an opportunity to be relieved of the tax, and so they presented an appeal to the tax office, adducing their excommunication as evidence of the required apostasy. The tax office, however, ruled that delinquents should not be able to draw material advantage from their delicts; hence Hitler and Goebbels were not entitled to be relieved of their tax burden simply because they were excommunicate. Goebbels bragged to his friends that he and Hitler continued to pay their taxes as good citizens out of monies they earned from their writings attacking the Church.

Even if Hitler had not died a suicide, Father Graham concludes, the Bishop of Berlin would have denied him Christian burial "under the ordinary norms of canon law . . . as a notorious and unrepentant misbeliever." Littell's labeling of all but two of the inner circle of the Nazi leadership as "church members" seems strained when that membership is worn so lightly. It is flatly false to claim that Hitler died a Catholic in good standing. If Goering can be called a Protestant in good standing, it can only be because of the absence of formal excommunication in the Protestant churches. The Nazi leadership had long since ceased believing in either the moral or the dogmatic precepts of Christianity.

Perhaps it was "too little" for the Christian leaders to denounce Nazism as paganism, for that did not stop the Holocaust; but it can hardly be said that those denunciations came "too late." As early as 1930, membership in the Nazi Party was condemned by the German bishops. During Advent of 1933, just months after Hitler came into power, Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich delivered a scathing series of sermons condemning the new regime and the antisemitism that was at the core of its program. The following Easter, Bishop van Galen of Muenster issued a pastoral letter condemning Nazism as a "new heathenism," and singling out Alfred Rosenberg, the architect of the Nazi racial ideology, for special excoriation. In the summer of 1934, the entire German hierarchy met at Fulda and issued a pastoral addressed to all Catholics and non-Catholics throughout the world. They called Nazism a radical contradiction of Christianity and accused the Nazis of attempting to found a new religion based on a racial myth.

The widespread and serious opposition to Hitler by the Catholic Church is attested to by the fact that over one thousand German priests had been imprisoned by the end of 1934. The Nazis began a campaign to shut down Catholic schools, newspapers, and organizations, and Goering, in a circular letter to the secret police commanders, voiced the fears of the Nazi leadership concerning the stubborn Catholic resistance: "Catholic believers carry away but one impression from attendance at divine services, and that is that the Catholic Church rejects the institutions of the Nationalist State."

Of the million European Jews who survived the Nazi era, 860,000 owed their lives to rescue efforts under the direction of Pope Pius XII

German Protestants, too, offered resistance to the Nazis. Although Hitler had early co-opted the official Lutheran Church and turned it into an instrument of the state, many courageous Protestants, led by Pastor Martin Niemoller, broke away from the official church and formed the Confessional Synod to protest this deformation of their faith. In March 1935, the Confessional Synod publicly condemned the Nazi philosophy, declaring, "The state has its authority and power through the commandment and mercy of God Who alone grants and limits all human authority."

Above all, there was the ringing condemnation of Nazism and antisemitism from Pope Pius XI in *Mit brennender Sorge*, the 1937 encyclical in which he declared, "We are all spiritual Semites." All of these acts of Christian resistance, be it noted, came before any of the death camps began operating, while the persecution of Jews was still confined to the traditional patterns of isolation, expropriation, and harassment.

When the war came, and the Nazis initiated their policy of full-scale genocide, it was apparent that verbal protests would be useless, so the Church turned to direct life-saving action. Jews were given false documents and smuggled to safety. They were sheltered in convents, hospitals, homes, and even in the Vatican itself. Thousands of Christians—priests, nuns, and laymen—were tortured and killed for their efforts to save Jews.

The Israeli diplomat and historian Pinchas Lapide estimates that of the one million European Jews who survived the Nazi era, 860,000 of them owed their lives to the rescue efforts carried out under the direction of Pope Pius XII.

One bishop tried to go even further, although with tragic results. When the Nazis began to ship Dutch Jews to the death camps, leaders of both the Catholic and the Dutch Reformed Church protested. The Nazis told them that unless they withdrew their protests, Jewish Christians would meet the same fate as those who adhered to the Jewish faith. The Protestant leaders withdrew their futile protest, but the Archbishop of Utrecht stood firm. As a result, Dutch Catholics of Jewish origin were indeed, as the Nazis had threatened, rounded up and sent to the concentration camps to be killed. Among them was the famous philosopher and Carmelite mystic Edith Stein.

The death camps themselves, Littell claims, were manned by baptized Christians. Baptized, yes; but they were no more Christians than Hitler himself. Throughout the period they were in power, the Nazis waged an aggressive campaign to encourage Christians to apostatize. Loyal Party functionaries were expected to abandon the traditional Christian denominations, especially Catholicism, which was named with Communism as one of the two great enemies of the Party. Following their official apostasy, however, Party members were not called "atheists" or "pagans" or "godless." The Nazis were masters of euphemism; they knew that terms like these would have a negative ring to German ears and hence would discourage apostasy. The apostates were officially designated as "*Gottgläubige*"—"believers in god." This god, of course, was the Nazi god of blood and nation, the deity of the state religion, with its own mythology and its own rites.

The German Jesuit Walter Mariaux, in his wartime book *The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich*, describes the official ceremony marking the King Heinrich Festival on July 2, 1938 at Quedlinburg.

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> Reich Leader Himmler placed a wreath of oak leaves in the Wygpert Crypt at the foot of Castle Hill. . . . He then ascended the hill between two rows of pylons decorated with victory runes of the SS. From sacrificial bowls huge flames blazed up to the night sky. . . . Under the plain crypt, near a grating under which the stone coffins of the king and queen are visible, stood SS-men, guns in their hands, their helmeted heads inclined in an attitude of mourning, and in the breathless silence was heard the voice of the Reich Leader of the SS as he recalled in simple words the memory of the king and deposited large wreaths on the royal tombs.

That this was a liturgical rather than a historical commemoration is made clear in this commentary on the proceedings from *Schwarze Korps*, the official SS publication:

> This deep night, so instinct with life, gave rise to thoughts and impressions in the minds of all who were hastening with prayer and thanksgiving to this hall, where the king's bodily relics are to us symbols of his earthly sojourn and where wreaths of green oak are placed in his honor. When, outside the hall, sharp volleys greeted the new day, we felt the boundless eternity of a life dedicated to the service of the nation. In His great men we believe we are near to God Himself. In them we ever seek, meet, and find His law, that in working for the nation, as the most beautiful revelation of His greatness, we are also nearest to His inmost and genuine Essence.

This was the faith with which Hitler hoped to replace "semitic" Christianity. But in spite of the tremendous pressure brought to bear on Germans to declare themselves "*Gottgläubige*," only a tiny fraction of the German civilian population took that step. Among teachers, civil servants, police, and other state employees, however, the pressure was far greater, and the movement was significant. In 1933, 97.8 per cent of German public employees identified themselves as either Protestant or Catholic. Ten years later, only 27.3 per cent of them still retained their church membership.

Nowhere was the pressure to apostatize greater than in the SS, where soldiers were sometimes threatened with loss of Party membership unless they yielded. In 1936, Himmler ostentatiously left the Catholic Church, and he was followed by Hitler's entire Bodyguard, signaling to all loyal security forces that this was the thing to do. Before very long, mass apostasies were occurring throughout the SS, unit by unit, first among the leadership and then down in the ranks.

Of all the SS units, the apostasy movement was strongest among the SS-*Totenkopfsverbande* (Death's-Head Units), which were in charge of the concentration camps. Figures for the end of 1938 show that about one member in four among the *Allgemeine* SS troops was listed as "*gottgläubig*," but among the *Totenkopfsverbande*, the "believers in god" represented 69 per cent of the total. A scant 6.9 per cent were Catholic (out of a total German population that was 45 per cent Catholic), and less than one-fourth were Protestant. Since this was before the war, before the extermination operations, and before the strongest pressures to apostatize were brought to bear, it is reasonably safe to conclude that by the time the Holocaust had truly begun all or nearly all of the men who guarded the death camps had formally abandoned Christianity.

Littell's contention that they were baptized Christians is thus virtually meaningless, in light of the fact that

Himmler ostentatiously left the Catholic Church, followed by Hitler's entire Bodyguard, signaling that this was the thing to do

they had repudiated all that their baptism stood for in favor of a neo-paganism. To blame the crimes of the Nazis on Christianity because the Nazis were apostate Christians makes no more sense than to blame Communism on the Jews because Marx was an apostate Jew. It is a tragedy that *any* German Christians abandoned their faith to become Nazis, but that is a pastoral problem reflecting on the depth of the faith of individual believers, not the church as a whole. Littell, however, persists in holding Christianity accountable for the barbarity of those who rejected it.

The point of all this is that Littell's misrepresentations are not mere historical inaccuracies that stand in need of correction in a spirit of disinterested scholarship. The attitudes he projected in that interview are positively dangerous, and they are exactly the kind of attitudes that study of the Holocaust should be aimed at uprooting.

A markedly anti-Christian attitude is creeping into public-school programs on the Holocaust. Early this year some parents in Cincinnati obtained a copy of a draft version of a course outline for "Studies in Holocausts and Human Tyranny." It contained this synopsis of the origin of antisemitism:

> The first anti-Jewish policy started in the fourth century after Christ in Rome. In the early 300s, during the reign of Constantinople [*sic*], the Christian church gained power in Rome, and Christianity became the state religion. . . . For the next 12 centuries, the Catholic Church prescribed measures that were to be taken with respect to the Jews. Unlike the pre-Christian Romans, the Christian church insisted upon the acceptance of Christian doctrine. . . .
>
> When the conversion policy failed, a second policy was enacted. . . . This policy of expulsion was expressed as an ultimatum: conversion or expulsion. . . . Long after church and state became separate entities, expulsion and exclusion remained the goal of anti-Jewish activity until 1941.
>
> In 1941, while Germany was in the midst of a total war and while several million Jews were incarcerated in ghettos, Jewish emigration was impossible. . . . The European Jew had to be killed; thus, emerged the "final solution," as it became known.

As if this little tale were not enough to convince students that Nazism was a Christian plot, a matching test was included in the study guide. Students were to match medieval church enactments against Jews with the allegedly parallel enactments of the Nazis.

This less-than-subtle identification of Christianity and Nazism brought protests from Catholic and Lutheran leaders, and the course, it is to be hoped, does not still include these intolerable accusations. But when the people who draft such courses share the views of Dr. Littell, who could blame Jews for becoming suspicious and alienated from followers of a religion that they fear might sanction another such atrocity? Christians, meanwhile, will naturally resent being unjustly accused of a horrible crime that they neither committed nor condoned.

Let us, indeed, study the Holocaust and learn from it. Let us learn human solidarity, respect for life, friendship, and trust among races and religions. And let us cast out the devils of Nazism: the instrumental view of man as the creature of a divinized totalitarian state; the dark passions of self-worship; antisemitism, anti-Catholicism, and all forms of racism; and the need to make a whole class of our fellow men into a scapegoat for the evil of the world. □

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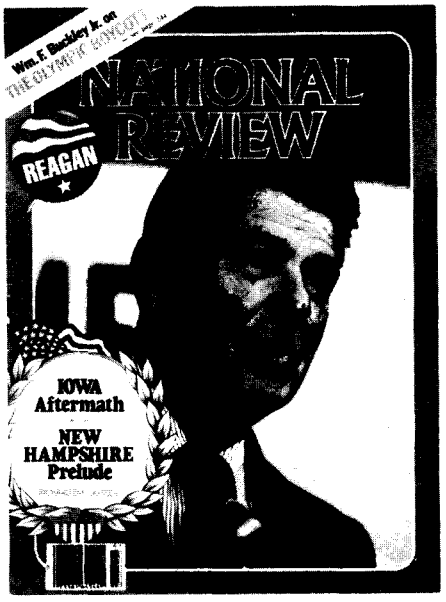

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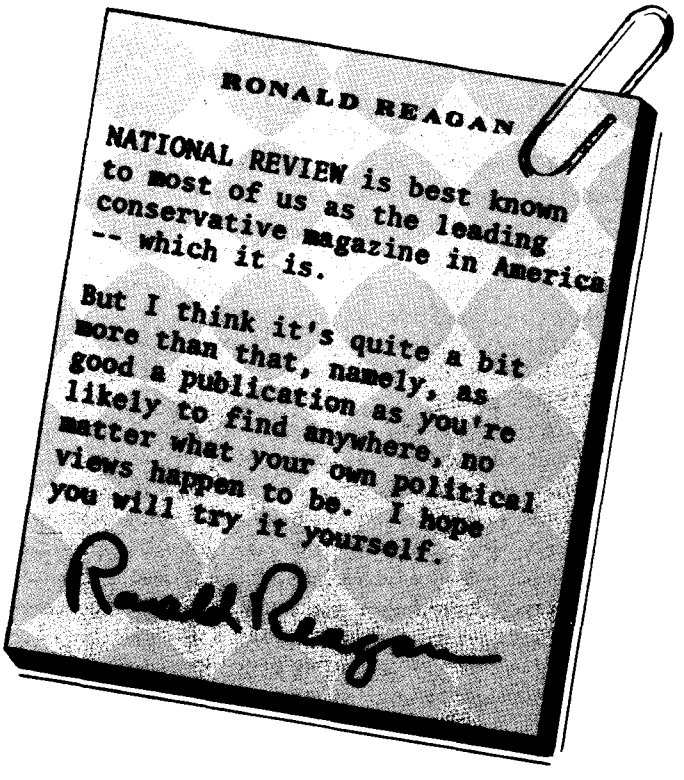
RONALD REAGAN
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Ronald Reagan

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Facing Up to No-Growth

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

ENVIRONMENTALISTS and others who have been clamoring for a no-growth policy in the United States have finally got their wish: for the past few years, the U.S. economy has hardly grown at all.

Some days, it seems, the public prints are full of little else. American industry generally is in stagnation, and individual sectors such as steel, autos, and housing are in a state of virtual collapse. Rates of productivity growth, increases in Gross National Product, and advances in real personal income have all been grinding down toward zero. If the theories of the no-growth types were accurate, this ought to be a cause for great rejoicing.

That it is instead the source of widespread misery says something obvious about the theories. In fact, the only way the average American can maintain, much less improve, his standard of living is through further economic growth. That means more and better goods, greater productivity for each man-hour worked, improved efficiency in supplying consumer satisfactions. That in turn means investment in new and better tools. It takes about $40,000 in capital outlay to create a job in U.S. industry, and to create additional millions of jobs will thus require additional billions in investment.

Global Sweepstakes

That, unfortunately, is what we have not been getting. The combined effect of heavy taxes and regulatory costs, chronic inflation, and policies that specifically discourage savings and investment has eaten away at the base of our economy. High and rising tax rates put a damper on productive effort, while unrealistic depreciation schedules prevent industry from replacing and improving equipment and technology. Inflation, meantime, erodes the value of personal savings, while federal regulations have prevented the payment of market interest rates to passbook savers.

Looking at all that (and this is only some of it), one should hardly be surprised to learn we have the lowest rate of savings and investment of any major industrial nation, and that we are rapidly losing out to Japan, West Germany, and other countries in the global economic sweepstakes. It is the dawning awareness of this problem that has fueled the recent drive toward tax relief—with a distinctive wrinkle that makes it different from previous tax-cut forays on the eve of an election.

In the conventional Keynesian view of the matter, the point of tax cuts is to pump up "aggregate demand"—i.e., increase spending. At a time of runaway inflation, this has a limited appeal. In the view that has now become dominant, the point of tax cuts is to restore incentives to work and to produce. This means lowering the marginal tax rate (the rate that must be paid on the next dollar of income), encouraging individuals to greater productive effort, and devising tax policies that make it both possible and desirable for industry to plough additional billions into new plant and equipment.

It is the combination of these two notions that distinguishes the "Reagan" tax package submitted by Senator Robert Dole of Kansas and all other Republican members of the Senate (excepting Lowell Weicker). This bill, S-2878, would cut individual tax rates by about 10 per cent across the board, thus reducing the marginal tax rate by that amount. This is in keeping with the "supply-side" spirit of the Kemp-Roth bill, of which the Senate Republican package is viewed as an installment. At the same time, S-2878 would increase incentives for capital investment.

The "capital recovery" part of the GOP proposal is complex, but is essentially the so-called 10-5-3 plan to accelerate depreciation schedules. It would speed the timetable according to which businesses may write off eroding capital assets—a serious problem when inflation pushes current prices so far above historical costs. The numbers refer to the new timetable over which depreciation would be spread—ten years for buildings, five for equipment, three for vehicles.

This part of the Dole package is identical to the so-called "Capital Recovery Act" (H-4646) submitted by Representatives James Jones (D., Okla.) and Barber Conable (R., N.Y.), and cosponsored by a massive phalanx of several score congressmen of both parties. A companion bill (S-1435) is pending on the Senate side, sponsored by Senators Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.), Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.), Robert Packwood (R., Ore.), and John Chafee (R., R.I.). The same provisions appear, again, in the "Savings and Investment Encouragement Act" (S-1597) offered by Senator John Danforth (R., Mo.) and forty-plus other senators.

Stopping the Erosion

Danforth's bill contains an additional desirable feature, in that it would limit taxation on corporate dividends and on savings interest—another weapon the Federal Government has used in its comprehensive policy of discouraging growth. The double taxation of dividends is a long-standing injustice, and the manner in which inflation, combined with other federal practices, has robbed small savers is nothing short of economic scandal. Danforth would go part of the way toward correcting these irrational policies.

Even if all the bills discussed herein should pass, we would be a long way from recovering our lost advantage in the realm of productivity. The "bracket creep" of inflationary tax hikes continues to impose its growing burden on the public; capital gains taxes, in our inflationary era, amount to little more than confiscation of assets; the ridiculous Regulation Q continues to hold down interest rates to savers; and so on. The bills before us are a beginning, but there is much remaining to be done if we are to escape the further rigors of the no-growth faction. □

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Thank God—A Pope

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

TO VISIT France nowadays is quite an experience for someone who, like me, comes from Austria—a theoretically "neutralized" country jutting like a promontory into the Communist world. Since no thinking Austrian believes for a minute that his country's neutrality would be respected in the event of another global conflagration, the subject of a possible Third World War is delicately avoided (except, of course, by a few fatuous optimists who believe that Austria and Switzerland could remain a joint Island-of-the-Blessed in such a war). But in France the cat is out of the bag. Doomsday fears are discussed as openly as anything else, in a society where opinions and ideologies clash routinely, and public life is characterized by dissent, non-cooperation, and sabotage. One newspaper estimates that strikes have cost the French economy 23 billion francs this year alone.

Seductive Theory

But France has, in addition to its revolutionary leftist political tradition that everyone knows about, a rightist, conservative one as well. The latter is rarely aggressive, rarely decisive, sometimes at fault (cf. the Dreyfus case), but painfully accurate in its assessments and predictions. The conservatives knew only too well that the "peace" of 1919 would result in another world war, and they made the same prediction in 1945. In their eyes, the lessons of history would have ceased to make any sense if the combined efforts of Roosevelt, Truman, Attlee, and Stalin had created a world safe to live in. As if to confirm their stand, a book by Solzhenitsyn entitled *L'Erreur de l'Occident* has just been published in France, warning forcefully against the seductive theory of East-West convergence and the illusion of peace. Compromise, so dear to the democratic nations, is regarded with contempt by the Communists, unless it serves their objectives. The West, meanwhile, remains flexible on principle, tolerating the enemy within its gates and suffering from a flaccidity which makes it seem incapable of producing strong leaders of its own. Hence it has been turning more and more to figures from the East: Solzhenitsyn and, now, John Paul II.

Christianity in the past gave strength to the West; it served to integrate society, either directly, or through inherited standards which obtained even after religious conviction began to wane. There is always a time-lag between the evanescence of an organized religion and that of its moral tradition. But the latter must, eventually, follow the former. Maurice Druon, a member of the Académie Française (and not, incidentally, a believing Christian himself), caused quite a stir when he published a book, *Une Eglise qui se trompe*, which criticized the French Church for shirking its moral, intellectual, and cultural responsibility. A society cannot survive, he argued, without a religious creed accepted by many, if not by a majority, of the people. In the ancient Greek *polis*, religion was the uniting bond of the citizenry, including the non-believers.

Thus, from a purely political point of view, the Church betrays its role if, as happened under the last pope, it lapses into self-criticism. The debate following publication of Druon's book illustrated the disarray of the French Church: Catholics of the Left protested violently, while a great many non-believers, lamenting the loss of the sense of security the Church once provided, applauded.

Against this background of confusion and doubt, Pope John Paul's visit to France this spring caused a sensation. Originally, the Pope had just intended to visit Lourdes (and perhaps Ars), but his plans changed. He said Mass at Le Bourget airfield, attended by a "sparse" 300,000 people because of a heavy downpour and repeated warnings by the media not to overcrowd the place (the people trampled to death in Zaire were still fresh in everyone's memory). In keeping with the pattern of other pastoral visits, the Pope attempted to touch all the bases. He met with workers at St. Denis and with young people at a lively free-for-all in the Parc des Princes. He did not mince words. He laid down the law, and most of the youngsters seemed to love it. John Paul met also with the leaders of the French government, and with Socialist leader François Mitterrand and Communist leader Georges Marchais. He also had a breakfast meeting with 25 intellectuals; one of them, a famous Jewish scholar of my acquaintance, later reported to me that conversation at one point turned to the threats facing the West. The Pope expressed his whole-hearted agreement with my friend's view that Soviet rearmament constitutes the single gravest threat to peace.

Resistance Incarnate

Predictably, the leftist press attacked the Pope's visit as a "circus" (with the exception of the Communist *L'Humanité*, which was exceedingly cautious). French anticlericalism persists, and a single visit, even by this Pope, will not eradicate it. Yet the impact of the Polish Pope was substantial. Karol Wojtyla has an extraordinary combination of qualities: warmth, humor, charm, personal strength, scholarship, and a keen sense of public relations. But for all his virtues, it will not be easy to bring order to the French Church—the process of disintegration went too far under Paul VI, who, while theologically conservative, lacked a sense of personal authority and tended politically to bow to the Left. (At a private audience he once shouted to a Hungarian bishop, "It is not true! It is not true! The Church in Hungary is perfectly free!") The sense, however, is that if anyone can repair the damage, it is this Pope, with his radiant smile and certainty of purpose. As one French newspaper described him: ". . . today he is the only man who might be capable of stopping a war and also the only man who will never accept a *fait accompli*. He is the word. He is, what is even more important, resistance incarnate."

Continental Europeans thirst for a leader, a teacher, an inspiration—a longing which could easily be perverted and exploited. John Paul II represents its ideal benevolent personification. As another newspaper put it: "At last a Pope. Thank God!" □

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A SUMMING UP

Winning One for the Gipper

RICHARD BROOKHISER

LET'S GET one thing straight at the start—the Republican race was not "volatile." This adjective perfectly describes the *coverage* of the campaign. It was the buzz-word of red-faced pollsters, the cant of two-faced press secretaries, the indispensable crutch of dazed reporters calling in their copy from fetal crouches in the phone booths of a hundred anonymous hotels—all of whom changed their minds, rechanged them, and changed them again. It doesn't describe the campaign itself, in which Ronald Reagan led from start to finish. He had the principles, the name, the record, the legitimacy. The race was his to lose. He didn't.

The only other man with a comparably "just" claim on the nomination was former President Ford. Yet Ford shared the same delusion that nourished the word "volatile"—the fantasy that all the announced candidates were somehow equal. Ford accordingly hoped for a deadlocked convention, to which he could then present himself as the King over the Water. But by the time it became obvious that Reagan's opponents had flagged, it was too late for Ford to challenge Reagan one on one.

John Sears: 1 for 2

Ford's supporters might not have responded unanimously to his call in any case, for the Reagan team, led by John Sears, had been wooing them for months. Reagan was beaten in Kansas City four years ago by the liberal party machines of the Northeast. A little slippage in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, and Ford would have lost. Reagan reached as far as Richard Schweiker to trigger that slippage, to no avail. This time, the Reagan delegate-hunters went to work beforehand, and their efforts paid off handsomely—victory in the New York primary, victory in the Pennsylvania delegate primary, the endorsement of Ohio's Governor Rhodes. (Shall I talk to some of your boys, Reagan asked Rhodes after Rhodes's announcement—just to get to know them? No need, Rhodes answered with the quiet pride of a grease-monkey surveying a fine tune-up; "they know what to do.")

Sears concentrated so heavily on flattering Ford's supporters, however, that he forgot Reagan's, with almost fatal results. At Sears's urging, Reagan avoided the stump in the early stages of the race, ducked the Des Moines debate—forsook, in other words, all the things he is best at. (Sears's inattention was not so much a symptom of creeping pinko-ism as of general tactical clumsiness. Half a week before the New Hampshire primary, to cite just one instance, no one on the Reagan team had gone to Crawford's Notch, the little town which votes at 12:01 A.M. and makes all the morning papers. Bush was leading in Crawford's Notch by two votes until Reagan's local chairman, Jerry Carmen, made a frantic last-minute visit and put his candidate in a tie for the lead.)

Yet when Reagan finally besought the grass-roots conservatives after Iowa, they rallied. It is remarkable, really, how faithful they stayed. Phil Crane, a handsome, articulate, intelligent man, had courted them for months. Richard Viguerie, king of direct mail, led a tireless anti-Reagan vendetta culminating in the February issue of *Conservative Digest* with John Connally on the cover (Connally pulled out on March 9). The party's conservatives refused to be seduced. They held the line in New England, and swept everything before them in the South. Reagan had been their spokesman for 16 years, and their loyalty was still his for the asking.

Reagan's opponents all began with smaller bases of support, and failed to expand them. John Connally had well-wishers in every corporate board room, and a pretty good early press; Howard Baker finished a strong third behind Ford and Reagan in every poll of Republican regulars throughout the summer of 1979. Neither man was able to concentrate on the people actually entering the voting booths. Only George Bush did the necessary ward-heeling, and so was in the best position to take temporary advantage of the defects of Reagan's early strategy.

Bush's Iowa upset energized his tiny base, the "nice-to-see-you" Republicans. ("*Nice-to-see-you*" *Republicans are the* same as alligator-shirt Republicans, but since alligator shirts must be taken off for baths or formal parties, the greeting "nice to see you" is a more useful test.) It also gave him a blaze of publicity as the media anointed him its official Stop-Reagan candidate for the month of February. Yet Bush never resolved the contradictions implicit in his new-found popularity. To keep the media's favor, he had to keep winning; to keep winning, he couldn't run as a liberal; but if he didn't liberalize himself, sooner or later the media would turn on him. The media turned sooner, to John Anderson—an exercise in quixotism, for Anderson had as much chance of winning as I did. Yet the media's fickleness was enough to cripple Bush in Illinois and Wisconsin, where he had nothing to fall back on.

Third Force

Those primaries, the last two that meant anything, saw the emergence of a third category of Reagan supporters —Democratic blue-collar workers. Reagan was the first Republican to speak in Milwaukee's Serb Hall in eons. Exit polls in Pennsylvania—which permitted no cross-over—showed self-described conservatives who voted for Kennedy (yes, there were lots of them) overwhelmingly preferring Reagan to Carter. Straws in the wind, perhaps. Reagan had better hope not. To win the election, he will need all the groups he mobilized in winning the nomination—true believers, open-minded middle-of-the-roaders who can't stand Carter, blue-collar Democrats who think Hayek is an eskimo canoe but who still don't like the look of their paychecks. He must, moreover, win them without, in the nature of the case, being able to satisfy each of them completely. If he succeeds, the gracious, easy-going, principled man from Tampico, Illinois will face four years a lot more volatile than the last two have been. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Tigers in Detroit

DETROIT, TUESDAY—Democrats looking forlornly for hopeful signs can take satisfaction from the Republican Convention's having opened without the traditional benediction. What happened is that the minister who had been engaged to invoke the blessings of the Lord at "12 o'clock," showed up at 12 o'clock—midnight: on the understandable assumption that political conventions are sinful affairs, which can logically be expected to begin at night.

So let's see, we have a) the missing benediction. What else? Robert Strauss, Democratic National Chairman, was interviewed on television and his line of analysis was interesting, namely that candidate Reagan in 1976 had faulted the Republican Administration for much the same sort of thing he is now faulting the Carter Administration for! Bob Strauss is a likable and foxy old bird, but the trouble with his line of argument, if it becomes a principal inventory item in the Democratic defense, is that it is neatly dispelled with a single shaft: Reagan was right both times. I.e., we did, indeed, under Nixon-Ford, spend too much money on this-and-that, and not enough money on defense. But the appropriations for this-and-that, as for defense, were made by Democratic Congresses. The idea, this time around, is to elect not only a Republican President but also a Republican Congress.

The latter is a terribly difficult challenge to meet, perhaps impossible without the benediction of the Lord. But the idea is that even if Congress is controlled by Democrats, a sweeping victory for Reagan will mobilize the voters to send in different signals to their Democratic congressmen. After all, even in the last couple of years—as the Americans for Democratic Action have ruefully pointed out—the average voting score of Congress has dipped (i.e., moved in the right direction) by twenty points. It is amazing what the folks back home can do to a legislative representative who seeks re-election. Anyone tracing the career of Senator Frank Church, who in the months gone by has come to sound as if he had left a Quaker seminary to sign up with the Green Berets, will understand what I mean.

And what else is happening to give the Democrats comfort? The ERA business. Governor Reagan was not adequately counseled on this one, a retired constitutional scholar pointed out over the weekend. What he could have said is that ERA is, for all intents and purposes, moot—because the Supreme Court has taken the Fourteenth Amendment and applied it to women's rights. I.e., women now have every right you can think of that any woman this side of Bella Abzug wants, and all that ERA would do is give us a lifetime of litigation over such questions as can you constitutionally draft men but not women for duty in the foxholes. Reagan's people could have used a little oil on those waters. The acceptance speech can be counted on to be, in part, a stout exercise in feminism.

Then there is the entirely unrelated problem of abortion, which however is made to appear to be related by those who take the simplistic view that whether the fetus lives or dies is exclusively the concern of the mother.

One of the television interviews with Reagan, done in his airplane coming in from California, touched on the subject, and here Reagan's performance was admirable. He confessed to having given the matter great thought only after he had signed an abortion bill while governor of California which went on to promiscuous abuse. More and more scientists, Reagan said, conclude that as a biological matter the fetus, after it has developed for a few weeks, is much more nearly human than vegetable. Pending a consolidation of scientific and philosophical opinion on this matter—is it right to take a chance? This is not the language of a simplistic man. People who argue about the finality of capital punishment pending philosophical and empirical investigations, having to do with violence and deterrence, should understand the Governor's point.

In any event, the election of Reagan as President is not going to abort a single abortion. Any constitutional amendment would need to obtain the over-

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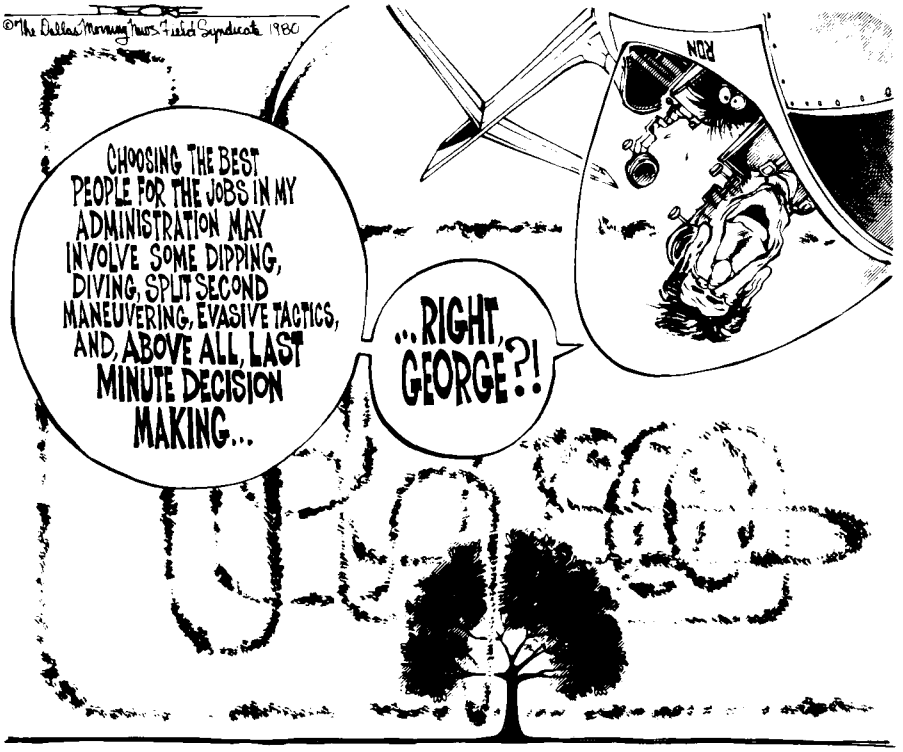
whelming support of the overwhelming majority of the people—a decade's work—which suggests that thoughtful voters who disagree with Reagan on the matter of abortion will not for that reason deny him their support.

Anything else? Well, everybody noticed that Gerald Ford's speech was something less than a paean to the Republican candidate. He did mention Reagan's name three times, all of them friendly, none by any means hyperbolic. Oh well. It is, in a strange way, wholesome to see traces of genuine ill humor. Preferable to synthetic, oleaginous harmony. After all, Reagan challenged an incumbent Republican President four years ago, and that wasn't a very friendly thing to do. Ford is okay, and he will, as he would put it, serve as a team player.

The speeches of Donald Rumsfeld and William Simon were splendid as to content, but anyone talking defense or the economy necessarily suffers from the aridity of figures, which are great lesions in oratory. Shakespeare could not have brought off a sonnet on the diminishing real income of the average man in a society suffering from inflation and unrealistic depreciation schedules. Not that the effort wasn't made: Simon spoke of Mr. Carter having "the Midas touch in reverse." We try, we Republicans. □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CHOOSING THE BEST PEOPLE FOR THE JOBS IN MY ADMINISTRATION MAY INVOLVE SOME DIPPING, DIVING, SPLIT SECOND MANEUVERING, EVASIVE TACTICS, AND, ABOVE ALL, LAST MINUTE DECISION MAKING...
...RIGHT, GEORGE?!
RUN

WEDNESDAY—Robert Bauman, the energetic young congressman from Maryland whose specialty is the mastery of parliamentary rules and whose avocation is using this knowledge to keep Tip O'Neill in constant frustration, advised the conservatives attending lunch that he and Congressman Mickey Edwards had spent 45 minutes with Ronald Reagan moments earlier to register disapproval of any morganatic marriage with an ideological outsider as Vice President. Reagan, he reported, had not yet made up his mind; and the crowd was visibly pleased. Because that meant that Reagan would listen to what the conservatives wanted. No point, after all, in approaching someone whose mind was already made up.

When the turn came for Philip Crane to speak, he announced that the argument that Reagan needed "balance" in his ticket was as foolish as to suppose that Reagan's views are other than in the mainstream: not of Republicans, but of "all Americans." Again the crowd cheered. I found this a little unsettling, because if Reagan's views are those of the political center, then shouldn't we move over to the right? Or has Reagan moved left? It doesn't matter. Perceptions matter. It is important to cultivate the illusion that a) Reagan is a true believer in the conservative catechism and b) the majority of the voters are also. This rhetoric was also the rhetoric of 1964, although most people knew that Senator Goldwater didn't have a chance. But Reagan does have a chance. From which one concludes that, indeed, the country has gravitated to the right, the sanctuary of realism.

Goldwater, his recent hip operation notwithstanding, was ubiquitous, and received from the Convention the first genuine ovation—as if to compensate for the voters' neglect of 1964. He spoke with his customary forthrightness. And the following morning, on the *Today Show*, he said he had come to the conclusion that President Carter was a "terribly dishonest man." For instance? Well, for instance, said Goldwater, just last week Carter came to Detroit and promised the automakers a billion dollars of goodies. Now that was bad enough, said Goldwater, because a President can't constitutionally promise to deliver a billion dollars, because it is only Congress that can pass money bills. But on top of that, the very next day Carter announced he would veto any extra money bills. Everybody says Carter is a bad President but an honest man. The first part is true, the second false.

It isn't easy to listen to a convention speaker. Take Benjamin Hooks—there was a surprise invitation to Mr. Hooks to address the Convention on behalf of the NAACP. I would bet the national deficit that not three people in the audience could write a three-paragraph précis of what he said. This is no reflection on Mr. Hooks, though concededly he does not have the oratorical powers of a Jesse Jackson, let alone Martin Luther King Jr. If he has hurt feelings, I hope he watched Henry Kissinger's speech, during the whole of which Mrs. Kissinger and Mrs. Reagan were animatedly talking to each other. A distraction lasciviously covered by CBS's cameras. Every now and again, perhaps two or three times in the course of a four-day convention, a speaker somehow manages to engage the floor. This was done by Congressman Jack Kemp, whose fluent, salvific delivery brought something near to silence to the crowd. John Connally was surprisingly ineffective, and his serial quotations from Ted Kennedy criticizing Jimmy Carter were theatrically weak. Connally is one of

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the great orators, but he was off pitch.

Kissinger's speech, superbly constructed, was a forthright declaration of war against the foreign policy of Jimmy Carter. "The Carter Administration has managed the extraordinary feat of having at one and the same time the worst relations with our allies, the worst relations with our adversaries, and the most serious upheavals in the developing world since the end of the Second World War." His sustained attack on the weakness of our defenses would wipe away any perception of him as the godfather of detente. His sponsorship of that doctrine is always linked, as he correctly insists, to Soviet behavior. But—did anybody listen?

There is the alternative of leaving the convention hall and listening on television. But network cameras have a short attention span. It isn't easy to listen hard to Kissinger when the cameras are focused on two delegates playing cards. Besides, those cameras cost a lot of money, so in mid-speech you are likely to be switched from Kissinger analyzing the void in the Indian Ocean, to Bruce Jenner telling us to eat Wheaties; then there's the post-event blur, something on the order of the need to send more Wheaties to the Indian Ocean.

Is there a solution? Yes: you can generally find the printed text, and read the speeches. □

THURSDAY Only Walter Cronkite seemed genuinely amused by it all, notwithstanding that some of his own people had said that a deal between Reagan and Ford was "99 per cent certain." "Ninety-nine per cent" will take its place in political history alongside George McGovern's promise that he would back Senator Eagleton "1,000 per cent." Pundits take it as a personal affront when that which they advise lesser men will happen, fails to happen. A few seasons ago James Reston assured the parched community of the curious that Nelson Rockefeller had "as much of a chance of losing the nomination in 1964 as he has of going broke." He was good-natured about the turn of events, but one suspects he never quite forgave Goldwater. Tom Brokaw of the *Today Show* was so irritated by it all he pronounced the events of Wednesday night testimony to the utter confusion of Reagan's generalship. But when the clouds

parted, little by little it was seen to have been brilliant political maneuvering.

What was needed from the beginning was a conciliatory gesture. Now what wasn't clearly seen, even by those of us with X-ray vision, was that conciliation came in three parts. It was necessary to propitiate the senior Republican establishment around Gerald Ford. Necessary because, after all, Reagan had challenged Ford while Ford was President and was widely thought to be responsible for Ford's defeat. Next, it was necessary to make a gesture toward a representative of that wing of the party deemed to lie to Mr. Reagan's left, a gesture of an ecumenical sort. Finally—and by no means unimportant—it was necessary not to alienate the party's right wing, which is every bit as much concerned over the age of Ronald Reagan as the nation's liberals: conservatives wish Reagan's successor to be committed to the same principles as Reagan.

When, having pronounced his benediction on the impending marriage of Reagan and Ford—the "dream ticket"—Senator Jesse Helms left the Convention and went to bed, the conservatives, more or less comfortable with Ford, felt appeased. But then in a flurry of about 15 minutes it gradually transpired that Ford—or, more properly, Ford's representatives—were insisting on pre-conditions of egregious, near-insolent magnitude. It almost seemed as if Ford was insisting on a twin bed in the presidential living quarters. The whole idea of a "co-Presidency" began to stir resentment. Jerry Ford, of course, knew any such thing to be impossible. Not only had he served as a Vice President, coming to know its distinctive frustrations. He himself had promised Nelson Rockefeller in effect the dominant role in the formulation of domestic policy, only to find that he needed—in order to function as President—to renege on that promise. Henry Kissinger, though not the spokesman for Ford (Alan Greenspan served that function), reacting to the rumor that his own reinstatement as Secretary of State was a part of Ford's demands, angrily insisted that no demands be made involving individuals. Kissinger knew from Nixon's treatment of Secretary Rogers that the office of Secretary of State is absolutely worthless unless the President himself desires a particular man as his special counselor on foreign policy. The notion that Kissinger's participation in the negotiations was motivated by the appetite of a job-seeker is preposterous and documentably untrue.

Reagan's insistence that Mr. Ford make a decision within a half-hour emerges as an act of decisiveness. The pro-Ford wing of the party understood the necessity to act, and did not impute impatience to Reagan. The subsequent designation of Bush, who after all had been the runner-up, was then received . . . as the natural thing to do. Scrambled efforts to crank up a protest from the floor were easily dissipated by the solidity of the momentum that Reagan had built up.

Ronald Reagan's speech was classified by CBS observer Jeff Greenfield as proof that he is the principal rhetorician in American politics. It was lucid, galvanizing, transparently genuine, and its force was enhanced by the awful congruity of the rhetoric and the current crisis. The speech might profitably have made generous mention of Gerald Ford. But, minor imperfections to one side, it was an awesome performance by a man born to unite—and to govern. □

FRIDAY—Concerning the Reagan-Ford business, some afterthoughts:

1. It is quite generally conceded that the pressures of television, demanding as they do Instant History, caused people who should have known better to be carried away. This includes television, radio, and newspaper reporters, pundits of every variety—but also political

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practitioners. There was in fact talk about "sharing" presidential authority. And Gerald Ford, in his famous interview with Walter Cronkite, appeared to validate the notion by vague references to such shared responsibility. For all that there was a disposition the next morning to blame Ronald Reagan for the confusion, it was in fact he who put a quick end to it: by courteously but firmly reiterating his invitation to Gerald Ford to serve as Vice President, period.

2. Gerald Ford, as he had stressed to Henry Kissinger 24 hours earlier, knew exactly what the problems were, and knew that they were insoluble given his present frame of mind. Gerald Ford had served as Vice President for almost a year. He found the office intrinsically frustrating. When he became President, he reached out for Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President. To interest Rockefeller in an office without executive authority required a great deal of persuasion—and President Ford, in all good faith, offered Rockefeller in effect the role of principal architect of domestic policy. Rockefeller accepted—but in a matter of weeks, reality asserted itself. Ford discovered that he could not be President of the United States without being the principal policymaker in his own Administration. In short, Gerald Ford knew that whatever Reagan said—and however genuine Reagan's intentions might be to invest additional authority in the office of the Vice President—in fact President Reagan would not be able to deliver, any more than President Ford had been able to deliver.

3. When Reagan, listening to television reports that went beyond the spirit of his overtures to Ford, made his decision to abort the operation, Ford had a final opportunity to accept with, in effect, no strings attached. His representatives pleaded for more time, but Reagan's sense of timing ruled this out. It is inaccurate that Ford intended to manipulate the Convention by dragging the negotiations on into the next morning. Because, for reasons given, Ford knew that no explicit concessions by Reagan could survive their inauguration. What Ford wanted to sleep over was the question whether to take the Vice Presidency. It is safe to speculate that he believed he would indeed enhance Reagan's prospects for election, but safe also to speculate that Ford wished to consult his own inclinations, personal and professional.

4. The question finally arises: Why is it all but unanimously held that the office of the Vice President is undignified for someone who once served as President? Every schoolboy knows that one has to go back to John Quincy Adams to find a President who subsequently accepted the relatively ignominious role of a mere member of the House of Representatives. But even there you are your own man, whereas as Vice President you are the agent of the President, save for your constitutional authority to preside over the Senate of the United States and vote in the event of a tie. What a Vice President is, really, is the understudy to the President; and what one needs to reflect upon is the perplexing notion that this role should be deemed humiliating to one who had previously served as President.

Why? In 1964 I publicly suggested that General Eisenhower could serve his country by agreeing to run for Vice President on the ticket headed by Senator Goldwater. To my suggestion, Arthur Krock (and others) raised constitutional objections, construing the Twenty-Second Amendment as denying any President who had served two terms the right to occupy an office which contingently could catapult him into the Presidency. Others differed: but the conventional wisdom was that to serve as Vice President, having served as President, would be psychologically castrating.

Surely the office, precisely because it is largely ceremonial, ought not to be disdained by useful ex-Presidents? For the very reason that a Vice President does not have executive authority, an ex-President should feel comfortable serving, essentially, as the back-up man in the event of the President's incapacitation. In parliamentary systems, former Prime Ministers frequently show up as members of a cabinet of successor governments. Public opinion is guilty of encouraging the sin of pride. None of which has any bearing on the splendid choice of George Bush. □

JULY 12—*Reflections on the eve of the Convention:*

After the Lyndon Johnson landslide victory (not the one he scored by counting dead voters, but the one against Senator Goldwater in 1964) NATIONAL REVIEW rounded up comments by prominent Republicans. Among those who contributed to the symposium were Ronald Reagan, and George Bush.

Reagan's role in the Goldwater campaign was very simple, and very effective. He gave a single speech—which is generally accepted as the most galvanizing of the postwar period. It generated $8 million in contributions. It launched Reagan's own career. Two years later he was elected governor of California. Sixteen years later he will probably be elected President of the United States. What did he say about the defeat?

He said that millions of Americans didn't really want LBJ "but . . . were

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scared of what they thought we represented." (Has anything changed?) He stressed this point. "Read that sentence very carefully because in my opinion it tells the story. The landslide majority did not vote against the conservative philosophy, they voted against a false image our liberal opponents successfully mounted. Indeed it was a doubly false image. Not only did they portray us as advancing a kind of radical departure from the status quo, but they took for themselves a costume of comfortable conservatism . . . Our job, beginning now, is not so much to sell 'conservatism' as to prove that our conservatism is in truth what a lot of people thought they were voting for when they fell for the cornpone come-on."

And then Reagan added ". . . a postscript—I don't think we should turn the high command over to leaders who were traitors during the battle just ended." Whom did he have in mind? Most prominently: Nelson Rockefeller, who all but refused to back the ticket; Senator Jacob Javits, who this time around has swallowed his pride and is backing Reagan; and Congressman John Lindsay, who just a few years later deserted not only Goldwater, but the GOP. Reagan was prophetic: indeed the GOP did not seek out the defectors for leadership.

What about George Bush? Bush was beaten in Texas, though he ran well ahead of Goldwater. The GOP was crushed by the image-makers, he insisted. He gave a concrete example by referring to the black vote. "The 'lever' gave 98.5 per cent of the Negro vote to proponents and opponents of the Civil Rights bill alike. Sixteen Texas Democratic congressmen who voted *against* the Civil Rights bill were up for re-election and all 16 got this same high percentage of the Negro vote."

Bush touched on other themes. "The GOP must remain the conservatives' hope. A third party movement will never work." That position has not brought around John Anderson, but he is an exception. Bush wrote, "The GOP must welcome all who want to be Republicans. We cannot afford the luxury of screening committees to see if a man's every iota of political philosophy conforms to some guidelines laid down by 'true conservatives.' There simply aren't enough people who share my every view for me to dictate just who can or can't be a Republican." Those words have not aged.

And Bush, although his statement came in uncoordinated with Reagan's, made an identical point about the defectors. "I have no respect for the Republican who quit his Party this year because he didn't get it all his way. It's easy to quit and then criticize. I have plenty of respect for people who . . . fought for what they believed, lost, and then went to work for their Party swallowing their points of difference with Goldwater and campaigning hard on the broad philosophical differences between the GOP and the national Democratic Party." (One notes that Laurance Rockefeller and four other family members have contributed funds to the campaign of John Anderson. It will be interesting to see whether the Rockefeller clan will now abide by the counsel of the Republican faithful. I would guess, though it is only a guess, that Nelson, this time around, would have gone the way of Javits, giving Reagan full support.)

And, Bush concluded, "Conservatism can and will survive—it needs to be practical and positive. It has to be fair. It has to win and it can only win through the GOP, through the give-and-take of a two-party system. I for one plan to stick with my Party and to try to help build a better tomorrow."

In 1980—alongside Reagan. □

Bloated Government's Breaking Down

Bloated government's breaking down, breaking down,
breaking down;
Bloated government's breaking down,
Big fat lady.

Build it up with GSA, GSA, GSA;
Build it up with GSA,
Big fat lady.

GSA will mess it up, mess it up, mess it up;
GSA will mess it up,
Big fat lady.

Build it up with Treasury funds, Treasury funds,
Treasury funds;
Build it up with Treasury funds,
Big fat lady.

Treasury funds are running out, running out, running
out;
Treasury funds are running out,
Big fat lady.

Build it up with overruns, overruns, overruns;
Build it up with overruns,
Big fat lady.

Overruns are out of style, out of style, out of style;
Overruns are out of style,
Big fat lady.

Build it up with more inflation, more inflation, more
inflation;
Build it up with more inflation,
Big fat lady.

Inflation's why it's breaking down, breaking down,
breaking down;
Inflation's why it's breaking down,
Big fat lady.

—GEORGE CLOWES

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God Is Love?

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

THERE ARE important daily events the newspapers do not often report: events of love, for example, which are the basic energy of human life. Yesterday, today, tomorrow, they work their strange enchanting power. But what do they mean?

It is odd that the favored name of God is love. For love, while one of the commonest of experiences, is most difficult to understand. To call God Love is not to shed much light upon His nature. It compounds confusion with complexity.

To the ancients, love has gravity, like stones. Even St. Augustine wrote: *Amor meus pondus meum.* Dante saw in God the "Love that moves the sun and the other stars": a love compelling systems in their orbits. Sweet, regular, patterned, constant. Boring, almost.

What Is God?

When we say God is love, do we mean intimacy? No simple notion, intimacy. To be intimate with oneself is as rare as self-deception is common. To articulate my own thoughts requires pain and effort. Those thoughts I can't articulate sometimes seem the most important.

If it is difficult to be in touch with my own thoughts, then to be intimate with my own feelings is even more so. Sometimes what I feel most powerfully masks what my hidden feelings (sometimes revealed years later in a painful surge of memory upon the misty smell of a summer rain) registered beneath the threshold of my conscious grasp. The feelings I feel are not always as intimate to me, it appears, as those I do not feel but nonetheless register somewhere in my perceptions.

If intimacy to my thoughts and feelings is difficult, how shall I describe how difficult it is to come to know my will? Sometimes I become aware of having willed something for a very long time, which I did not know that I was willing, even though, in retrospect, it is apparent that years of efforts and activities make no sense apart from that unconscious organizing will. "What does woman want?" Freud asked. I ask the same question of my own organizing will. The question is as yet unanswered in my mind. It is, doubtless, evidenced in my every action, unbeknownst to me.

Neither Plato nor Aristotle, I take comfort from remembering, clearly discerned the role of will, or clearly distinguished it from other passions and inner energies; the Commentaries of Aquinas go far beyond the early masters in pointing out experiences of will. If so many centuries were required for the will to force itself into human recognition, is it a wonder my will is not more intimate to me?

"Know thyself." Was Socrates kidding? If I find it hard to know my thoughts, feelings, will, then, as for the self, try as I might I have never to my satisfaction found it. What is my self? What should I look for? It is apparent to me from consciousness of continuity, of memory and intention, that something genuinely important is waiting to be known. Or mocks me, preferring to lie hidden in elusiveness.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself." But I am not sure that I love myself. Where, what, which is my self, that I should love it? Moreover, so far as I can discern what "it" is, I am discontent with it. It is not perfectly wise, truthful, loving, gentle, kind. Let me spare myself (and you) self-examination. Suffice it to say that if you are my neighbor, and due to be loved as I love myself, beware. Self-love may be the most difficult commandment. Most of us, weary with ourselves, look for crowds, parties, *others* easier to love.

Aquinas noted that love is neither love nor love nor love; *caritas* is neither *amor* nor *eros* nor *dilectio*. *Amor* is mere attraction, as of female to male. *Eros* is a passion not necessarily focused on a real person and not often the result of willful choice or long commitment. *Dilectio* introduces the element of choice and temporal endurance beyond the sway of passion. But even it falls short of *amicitia*, which is reciprocated friendship based on choice.

Experience has taught me, beyond Aquinas, that marital love, although a species of *amicitia*, goes far beyond friendship. There is a quality to shared experiences, failures, betrayals, heroic demonstrations from time to time, virtues and vices lived through, knowledge of each other gained, forgiveness shared but seldom conscious, which exceeds every other experience of friendship howsoever noble. "Companionship" will never do as a name for it; nor "helpmatehood." "Marital love" it must remain, then.

But *caritas*—what is *caritas*?

How Does He Love?

I suppose I know what God's love is. I am as certain that I know it as I am uncertain that there is a God. Darkness covers everything. "I went and I awaited my beloved. No one appeared. Yet did I know him." How exactly St. John of the Cross captures this experience. It is as though one captures, indirectly and as if by a peripheral vision able to see in the dark (which certain fighter pilots are tested for), the core of one's own thrust into nothingness, what Maritain used to call one's *ex-sisting*, one's standing out from nothingness, and to perceive for a moment its radiance from . . . from the darkness where no one appeared. I am, therefore God is. I am, therefore God's name is Love.

It seems not to be true that to be is to love, though when one is not loving it does seem that one is not being. But what is loving? *Volere alii bonum*, Aquinas said: To love is to will the good of the other.

But what is "the good" of the other? I am not sure what is good for myself, or *the* good for another. So how can I will it? "The good" may not be what I want or what the other wants, or what either of us, in self-deception, thinks it ought to be.

As I said, this business about love is very dark. And so is God. □

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The Noblest Man

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

The Oak and the Calf
By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn,
translated by Harry Willetts
Harper & Row, 568 pp., $15.95

In late 1961 Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, after difficult soul-searching, decided to submit *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* to *Novy Mir*. Having done so, he checked into a Moscow hotel, curled up with a *samizdat* copy of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—the first lines of Hemingway he had ever seen—and was immediately gripped by terrible anxiety. This was not, he hastens to tell us, the anxiety of any young author awaiting an editorial decision, but the terror of an old *zek* who has been careless enough "to leave a trail." Meanwhile, Aleksandr Tvardovsky, the brilliant, wretched, alcoholic editor of *Novy Mir*, was reading through the night. It was a short book. He read it twice and still it was too early to go to the office, so he awakened his editorial staff with frantic phone calls. This was a book in which "you could hear the voice of the Russian people." When the old *muzhik* Nikita Khrushchev had the book read to him (Solzhenitsyn here imparts the alarming news that most of the Kremlin gorillas write poorly and read not at all well; whenever possible they have things read aloud), he wept.

The rest is history, and *The Oak and the Calf* is the most complete account we are likely to see of the succeeding 12 years in Solzhenitsyn's Odyssean life. Khrushchev, in 1961, was still looking for anvils on which to flatten the memory of Stalin; thus the "thaw," which turned out to be merely a window opened just a crack for one brief historical moment. The publication of *One Day* a year later coincided precisely with Khrushchev's "humiliation"—as seen through the eyes of the Politburo—over the Cuban missile crisis. Khrushchev's grip on power was shaken, and he nervously slammed the window shut in order to avoid further antagonizing those who had opposed his denunciations of Stalin. Modern Russia's brief flirtation with literary freedom was over, and Solzhenitsyn would see only four other stories of his published with official sanction: the boring, conformist "For the Good of the Cause" and the classic "Matryona's Home" among them.

Thus the stage was set for a continuing and terrible confrontation between

Solzhenitsyn and the Establishment. They had lionized him, if only briefly; they could not now ignore him. And the bastard kept on writing! There is an unforgettable moment in *One Day* when Shukhov, ill and trying to get on sick call, is told by a medic that he's not quite sick enough, and is sent out to work: "A man who's warm never understands a man who's cold . . . The air was 17 below, he was 99 above. The battle between them was on."

For 12 years the icy blasts of the Kremlin leadership came down on this fiery mystic, and the story is Solzhenitsyn's most readable book thus far. It has neither the morbidity and repetitiveness of the *Gulag* volumes nor the sluggish, uniquely Russian pace of his novels; and it tells us more about the author than all of his previous works combined. Solzhenitsyn's relationship with Tvardovsky is drawn in detail. It was a stormy, volatile relationship, as befitted the personalities involved. The chain-smoking, bureaucratically bedeviled editor took to treating Solzhenitsyn as if he were his creation rather than his discovery, and objected violently when Solzhenitsyn did *anything* without consulting him first. On this matter, and on others, Solzhenitsyn has hard words for Tvardovsky, yet it was clear to me that they were, in their tempestuous way, dear and devoted friends. Tvardovsky risked much for Solzhenitsyn, and both men knew it. The *New York Times* reviewer railed at Solzhenitsyn for what he considered his shabby, harsh treatment of Tvardovsky in these pages, but Solzhenitsyn's true feelings about this talented poet and editor will always be best summed up for me by this passage:

Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America. . . . **David Evanier** *is a novelist and critic living in New York.* . . . **Joseph A. Rehyansky** *is a U.S. Army Judge Advocate whose articles and reviews have appeared in* NR, Juris Doctor, *and* The Military Review.

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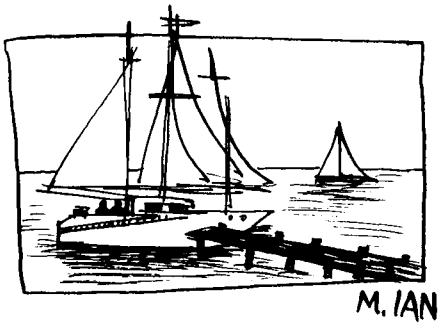
> What was life like for Tvardovsky? Or for the other editors of *Novy Mir*? If I have handled them too roughly in this book, put it right for me: make allowances for their torment, their impotence, their defenselessness.

(Of course, this is the same reviewer who shamelessly pulled four of Solzhenitsyn's words out of context and combined them with a verb of his own devising to leave the impression that Solzhenitsyn cared not a whit for an old woman who was murdered by the KGB while protecting one of his manuscripts, so he is not to be taken too seriously.)

But in this book Solzhenitsyn does reveal aspects of his personality that trouble me deeply. I have read every word of his that has appeared in English, beginning, when I was in high school, with the first translation of *One Day*, barely four months after the *Novy Mir* edition. Most of the time I agree with the editor of this journal that he is "the noblest man alive." And yet . . . When Solzhenitsyn and his second wife were considering releasing *Gulag*, they sat down and compiled a list of seven things that could be done to them in reprisal. First on the list was the fact that

> They could take my children hostage—posing as "gangsters," of course. (They did not know that we had thought of this and made a superhuman decision: our children were no dearer to us than the memory of the millions done to death, and nothing could make us stop that book.)

The simple point that Solzhenitsyn misses is that those "millions done to death" *are already dead*. Some may hear in this decision the echo of Abraham's willingness to sacrifice Isaac to the will of God, and perhaps they have the better sense of it. But it conjures up for me quite a different scene: the fanatic Strelnikov in David Lean's production of *Doctor Zhivago*, coolly announcing his decision to shell Yuriatin, where his wife Lara and their small daughter have taken refuge. "The personal life is dead in Russia, for any man with any manhood." □



The Master Thinkers
By André Glucksmann
Harper & Row, 313 pp., $16.95

JACQUERIE

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

French nineteenth century fiction was animated by a central theme: the arrival from the provinces of ambitious young men who dreamt of taking Paris by storm and who sometimes came to a sad end. Today, the *idée maîtresse* of French non-fiction seems to be the assault by onetime Marxist intellectuals or Communist Party members on the citadel of the most powerful Soviet fifth column to be found in any Western democracy—the French CP, guarantor of President Giscard d'Estaing's re-election in 1981.

André Glucksmann, born in Boulogne in 1937 to German refugee parents, is one of the *nouveaux philosophes*, who also include Bernard-Henri Lévy, author of *Barbarism with a Human Face*. Lévy's *Barbarism* and Glucksmann's *Master Thinkers* were both published in France three years ago, but have come out only recently in the U.S.

While both books are directed against Marxism, Marxism-Leninism, Communism, and the Soviet Union, their stance is somewhat complicated, largely because these *nouveaux philosophes* and their followers are fearful of taking the irrevocable step, even while they know they have already taken it. The defiant slogan of the eighteenth century Enlightenment was, "Dare to know." The hesitant slogan of the modern French Enlightenment is, "Dare to speak."

Lévy and Glucksmann have known the truth all along—"No camps without Marxism," said Glucksmann—but they didn't speak because their minds were for so long imprisoned by the little phrase *Pas d'ennemis à gauche*—No enemies on the Left. It has been obvious ever since Arthur Koestler conceptualized "anti-anti-Communism" in 1947 that freedom's most effective enemies are on the Left, even when their motion is dextro-rotatory, like that of Mussolini or Hitler. (The most important "Fascist" group in France before the war was Jacques Doriot's French Social Party, a breakaway from the French CP.)

The political confusion of the *nouveaux philosophes* is little different from the past confusions of *ur*-Marxist intellectuals like Maurice Merleau-Ponty. In his book *Humanism and Terror* (1947), Merleau-Ponty said that "Marxism will always contain an element of violence and terror." But then in the same book he records his *crise de conscience*: "It is impossible to be an anti-Communist and it is not possible to be a Communist," he wrote. And: "We cannot confound our future with that of either the USSR or the American Empire." (Could Merleau-Ponty have written, "It is impossible to be an anti-Fascist and it is not possible to be a Fascist"?)

THIRTY YEARS later, after Hungary, Czechoslovakia, the Khrushchev revelations about Stalin, and the genocide in Southeast Asia by the latter-day "agrarian reformers," Lévy writes that "anti-Marxism is at one and the same time an impossible and a necessary position." (Is anti-Fascism or anti-racism or anti-Kuomintangism an impossible and a necessary position?) And now we have Glucksmann, to whom "the experts of the Pentagon or the Politburo" are on a level, and who tells us that "the technique of the concentration camps was systematized at the very dawn of our century by liberal Britain, when her generals had to put down the (white) rebellion of the South African colonies." So we can blame Auschwitz and the Gulag on Britain.

I am not suggesting that our *nouveaux philosophes* are offering a cop-out "plague on both your houses," but they have come fairly close. They remind me of an occasion many years ago when the late Walter P. Reuther told a group of East European trade-union exiles that "we don't want to die either for Stalin or Standard Oil." I heard a Rumanian unionist in the audience mutter, "Oh, for a chance to fight for Standard Oil against Stalin!"

There is no other country in the West

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where Marxism and Leninism have so powerful a grip on intellectuals as in France. The literature on this phenomenon—books by David Caute, Charles Micaud, Alfred Rieber, and George Lichtheim, among others—is vast. In France, once Marxism gets into the bloodstream it comes to resemble a drug-resistant malarial parasite. Even Lévy, more strongly anti-Marxist than Glucksmann, tells us that "nothing prevents the Pinochets from ruling the world." Pinochet, that threat to world peace!

And whom should we blame for all this? The "master thinkers," answers Glucksmann: Nietzsche, Fichte, Hegel, and Marx, who among them created the foundation of the modern totalitarian state. In other words, the villain is that old enemy, German idealism, a theory which holds that the most significant reality is mind or spirit. Of course, one could blame all this on Bishop Berkeley, too; but the Bishop is Irish, and anyway it's the wrong century.

Now, there is no doubt that French philosophical education before World War I exhibited what Denis Brogan called "the Germanic bias." At one time German was the language for the cultivated Frenchman. In fact, infatuation with German culture was a hallmark of turn-of-the-century French intellectuals like Ernest Renan and Edgar Quinet. But that's a far cry from the argument that this infiltration of German idealism into French philosophy is somehow responsible for the power of the French CP.

ONE CAN prove anything by selective quotations. As Joseph Schumpeter once said: "Selective information, if in itself correct, is an attempt to lie by speaking the truth." Glucksmann attacks Nietzsche for sympathizing with antisemitism, when it is a fact that Nietzsche was contemptuous of antisemites like Richard Wagner and Eugen Dühring for preaching such pernicious doctrines, which he described as "the lowest level of European culture, its morass."

Granted, Glucksmann's "*maîtres penseurs*" were not nature's noblemen. Certainly Fichte had a malevolent mind; he was a philosopher who argued that unless a powerful state capable of dominating the life of its citizens were created there could be no freedom. I'm not sure, however, that such a theory necessarily makes Fichte what Glucksmann called "a premature Leninist." And Glucksmann's "blood guilt" theory about his master thinkers I find utterly repellent. He writes:

> Under color of learning, the master thinkers erected the mental apparatus which is indispensable for launching the grand final solutions of the twentieth century—and they did this on a large scale and quite openly. There are no grounds for blaming the honest frankness of a Nietzsche: he says everything, and the twentieth century has only to read him literally, and to listen to his every word, and light the lantern of the Gulags from his plain speech.

In plain simple Stalinism, such an accusation, offering no thread of causality —if, indeed, one could establish such causality—is called, properly, "objective guilt." Of course, Nietzsche never intended to create a Gulagist universe, but "objectively" he softened up twentieth century Frenchmen like Lévy and Glucksmann for the totalitarian universe, so Nietzsche is guilty. The accusation is the verdict, and when the accusation is written out in highly convoluted philosophical prose, the one-man jury's finding is inevitable. Max Weber and Sigmund Freud also had an influence on French intellectuals—an influence counter to Marx's—but neither Weber nor Freud figures in Glucksmann's book. France's great philosopher Henri Bergson goes unmentioned; perhaps with reason, for Bergson once wrote: "The essence of philosophy is the spirit of simplicity . . . to philosophize is a simple act."

Perhaps it is worth reminding Glucksmann of something Nietzsche wrote:

> The most common lie is that which one lies to oneself; lying to others is relatively an exception. Now this wishing-*not*-to-see what one does see, this wishing not to see *as* one sees, is almost the first condition for all those who are *party* in any sense; of necessity, the party man becomes a liar.

French culture and criticism is so important in the Western scheme of things that when a French Marxist announces that he is no longer a Marxist he is immediately dubbed—first in France and then by Western culture—a *nouveau philosophe*, the herald of a new dawning, of a new Enlightenment. In the U.S., Britain, Germany, or even Italy, for a Marxist to become an ex-Marxist is to gain little in reputation; it's a non-event. (Who remembers Cucchi and Magnani?) When a French Marxist announces he has made the break, it's a super-movement, a super-event, a super-epiphany. Or, in Professor William Barrett's words about the Lévy book, "a work of primary historic significance."

No matter that what the prodigal has written in his "confessions" is old stuff;

RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME SEPTEMBER TITLES: Michael W. Miles's book *The Odyssey of the American Right* (Oxford, $19.95) argues that the contemporary right-wing movement traces itself back to the virtual demise of the GOP during the New Deal years. . . . William Appleman Williams, the Marxist historian, looses another blast against the U.S. in *Empire as a Way of Life* (Oxford, $14.95) and insists that Americans will "sizzle and fry" unless they change their ways and insist on a Little America policy. . . . Ronald Steel's *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $19.95) is a hefty (704 pages) biography of the columnist, apparently (we haven't seen it yet) quite untendentious. . . . David S. Broder (a lesser columnist, though also with a Pulitzer to his credit) is publishing *Changing of the Guard: Power and Leadership in America* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95), a book about emerging young talent in various sectors of American society. According to Broder, "they have a crack at turning America around," but unfortunately they are so disparate a lot that many of them are pulling in different directions. . . . Meanwhile, George Gallup Jr. and David Poling have been taking the spiritual pulse of the country, and have issued their findings in *The Search for America's Faith* (Abingdon, $8.95). They expect that church membership will continue its long decline throughout the coming decade, but they also forecast a further swelling of the evangelical movement and a dramatic increase in the number of "unchurched believers."

The author of *Intellectuals and Other Traitors* (Ark House, $12.95) is a professor at City University of New York, Bernard E. Brown, who believes that Open Admissions wrecked his university. The burden of his attack falls upon left-wing, pro-Communist intellectuals. —CW

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no matter that French intellectuals like Raymond Aron and Jean-Francois Revel and the great exiled Boris Souvarine have been saying so brilliantly and doggedly for so long that Communism is bad, that the French Communist Party is a Soviet auxiliary, that Marxism is not the sovereign remedy for the world's ills—none of it matters. Somehow a Glucksmann's *pavane* for a defunct ideology and its contrapuntal tremors are Big Culture News in the *New York Times*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*.

In reality, Glucksmann, Lévy, and their self-exculpatory movement are all dated; Soviet audacity has passed them by. The Glucksmann-Lévy intellectual *jacquerie* is too little, too late. They will be remembered, if anyone is around in a decade to write their history, as we remember Dadaism and Surrealism. □

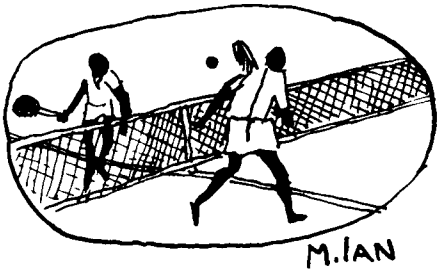
Authority
By Richard Sennett
Knopf, 206 pp., $10

JABBERWOCKY

JOSEPH SOBRAN

It's always gratifying to see young folk begin to outgrow the infantile leftism of the Sixties, so Richard Sennett's defense of authority in his new book *Authority* is, to that extent, gratifying. It's always gratifying, too, when a social scientist can write as gracefully as Mr. Sennett does, though it slowly dawns on the reader that there really isn't any reason, is there, why we should assume gracefully means lucidly. You can write in lilting cadences without making it any too clear what you mean, as this book, like "Jabberwocky" before it, proves. If the reader early on feels rather sheepishly that he doesn't know what the author is talking about, he concludes by feeling, maybe with just a little sense of relief, that that makes at least two who don't, though only one who realizes it.

Sennett, like Milton, like Homer, begins ambitiously: "Authority, fraternity, solitude, and ritual are four distinctively social emotions." Emotions, that is to say, which are experienced by men in aggregates, though not by men in isolation. If you wonder why solitude can't be experienced in isolation, the reason



seems to be that you have to feel part of a collectivity before you can feel isolated from it. Be that as it may, it strikes me as odd to call these four things emotions. By the end of the book we are told that authority "is itself inherently an act of imagination," which doesn't sound like emotion, social or otherwise, either.

If the reviewer sounds annoyed, maybe he is. This is one of those books that have to be dealt with; it's, inevitably, going to get a lot more attention than better books like Thomas Molnar's book on authority. Sennett's Left credentials are in order, he writes ambitiously, and he isn't growing up too fast for his intended audience, who will furrow their brows thoughtfully over the somewhat paradoxical idea that authority can be a Good Thing, then hail the proposition as a brilliant theoretical innovation, just watch.

Not that this book doesn't contain a few insights, notably on what Sennett calls the "bonds of rejection" and "disobedient dependence." Many people, especially where the author comes from, conceive authority simply as a negative thing—external, "out there," a matter of raw power. They define themselves through mere rebellion, "negation," which however locks them into a symbiosis with the hated authority-figure, so that they remain essentially dependent on the thing they think they are rebelling against to give their actions meaning and structure.

But such rebellion is only preliminary, says Sennett. The mature person must learn to come to terms with authority, must learn to, er, relate to figures of authority psychologically and to internalize the perspective of legitimate authority. He concludes with a call for reform couched in terms so abstract, and yet withal rhythms so epigrammatic, that one blushes to ask the simple question, What are you talking about? "Modern anarchism ought to be conceived as purposive disorder introduced into the house of power; . . ." I suspect, to begin with, that he means something more like "disorder purposefully introduced into," etc. And if something so lofty were to be reduced to something more imaginable, I gather it would mean giving workers a bigger share in the exercise of power.

This small but somehow sprawling book never strays far from certain preconceptions. The hidden premises of its enthymemes belong to what Raymond Aron calls the "Marxist vulgate," e.g., the notion that Capitalism Is Bad. Not that Sennett would necessarily defend the thesis so baldly put; but I can't imagine him attacking it. He tells us, in horror, that capitalist bosses used to cuff their employees, just as the nobility of *les anciens régimes* used to cuff their servants; but lest we congratulate ourselves on how much better things have gotten, he tells us there are modern functional equivalents of coercion used by employers, like "shame," which are just as bad, really. The idea that contractarian arrangements are "really" coercive is a facile reduction that seems to be permanently indispensable to sentimental socialism. At the same time, capitalism is incapable of supplying genuinely humanized authority. For that, on the assumptions of this book, you need collectivism. □

FICTION

Morgan's Passing
By Anne Tyler
Knopf, 311 pp., $9.95

SONG OF BALTIMORE

DAVID EVANIER

In her eighth novel Anne Tyler continues her quest for magic in Baltimore. This search has yielded some arresting work (*Celestial Navigation*, *The Clock Winder*, *Searching for Caleb*), but now, I suspect, we may be at the end of one line. *Celestial Navigation* presented a bachelor and hermit at the outer limits of neurosis, an artist of "pieces": objects that he pastes together. In *Searching for Caleb*, Miss Tyler's best, a fortune-teller takes off on a Greyhound bus with her 93-year-old grandfather in search of

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his half-brother Caleb, who ran away from the family business in 1912.

Miss Tyler can be seen as a sprout of the Southern school of writing, with her preference for eccentrics and dropouts. She is, in addition, an original, forceful, and precise writer who gives a palpable feeling not only of the city of Baltimore (surely an achievement of mind over matter), but of people and places:

> [Emily] had tiny precise knuckles and a cluster of chilly fingers.
>
> Morgan could imagine her tight, steady grip—the steely cords in her wrist, like piano wire.
>
> Everyone he passed stared after him for a moment. He ruffled their faces like a wind, and then they turned away again.
>
> Then he rose and went to the closet, and she heard his Panama hat settle among the other hats with a dim, soft, whiskery sound.

When her middle-aged protagonist, Morgan Gower, wearing his green army helmet, brings the girl he loves, Emily, home to meet his wife, Bonny:

> He sat slightly apart, perched under his helmet like an elf under a mushroom, turning his face from one to the other while the women watched, narrow-eyed, to see what he was up to.

Morgan is a husband and the father of seven girls. He has never settled into his life. He is an impersonator, with a variety of costumes for the many roles he plays (a velvet cape with a red satin lining and a feathered cap; a Klondike costume; a Daniel Boone outfit; high-collared shirts and bowler-hats). He runs the family business, an old-fashioned hardware store, but talks the customers out of buying much of anything. His rich wife's family, who provided the hardware store, barely tolerates him. Morgan is the kind of fellow who will walk down the street, hear a Fats Domino record through an open window, and spread his arms and start dancing.

Emily and Leon Meredith are a young married couple who run puppet shows. In the middle of a performance of *Cinderella* at a church fair, Emily (Cinderella) faints, and Leon asks if there is a doctor in the house. Morgan steps forward, identifies himself as a doctor, and delivers Emily's baby in a car. He becomes obsessed with their vagabond lives, and for four years he shadows them, never speaking to them. In the book's best scene, he walks out of his daughter's wedding and shows up on their doorstep. They are furious at him for following them around, but he pleads for their friendship, holding Emily's hand:

> "Maybe you could meet my wife," he said with an effort. "Would you like to meet Bonny? Have I told you about her? Or you might like my children. I have very nice children, very normal, very ordinary; they seem *determined* to be ordinary. . . . You can see that I'm a family man. Does that help? No, I guess it doesn't." It seemed he was still holding Emily's hand. He dropped it. "The oldest girl's getting married," he said. "I'm not a doctor. I work in a hardware store."

The problem may be the novel's determined celebration of Morgan's eccentricity. It is probably a merit that Miss Tyler does not imply that beneath Morgan's high hat beats a brain of singular import. But he comes across as more simple, and less interesting, as the novel progresses and he gets his wish of settling down with Emily. He is a middle-aged man who sees possibility vanishing in the prosaic clutter of his life at home with his daughters, his wife, his senile mother, and his ditsy sister, and for him Emily is the panacea. As the unfortunate last line of the novel puts it: "Everything he looked at seemed luminous and beautiful, and rich with possibilities."

There are moments when *Morgan's Passing* seems to fall somewhere between the women's magazine genre and real fiction. Expository sections of biography of Emily and Leon are obligatory and brittle; and Morgan's mother, sister, and wife are more "types" than resonant characters. This is hardly the direction in which so talented a writer's work should be going.

The character upon whom the novel depends is Morgan. Here is Emily contemplating Morgan's voice on a cassette tape:

> . . . she found that Morgan must have been playing with it, for his gruff, bearded voice leaped forth, disguised in a German accent. "Nu? Vhere is de button?" he said, and then she heard a Japanese "Ah so!" and two clicks, where he must have pressed the button off and on again. "Tum, te-tum," he said, singing tunelessly, rustling cellophane. There was the sound of a match being struck. He blew a long puff of air.
>
> "Naughty boy, Pinocchio!" he said in a chirping voice. "I see you've been untruthful again. Your nose has grown seven inches!" Then he gave his smoker's laugh, breathy and wheezing, "Heh, heh," descending into a cough. But Emily didn't laugh with him. She listened intently, with her forehead creased. She bent very close to the machine, unsmiling, trying to figure him out.

Does it strike you as worth it? That string of boring details adds up to a profile of eccentricity as a virtue in itself. Maybe it is, but we want more from a character than that—and more of a concept of virtue than that.

BUT THEN there is the scene in which Morgan declares his love to Emily:

> "Who *is* it I love? . . . you, Emily." . . .
>
> "I persuade myself," he said, "that there is some virtue in the trivial, the commonplace. Ha! What a notion. I think of those things on TV, those man-in-the-street things where the ordinary triumphs . . .
>
> "They stop this fat old lady . . . A mess! A disaster. Grey and puffy like some failed pastry, and layers of clothes that seem to have melted together. 'Can you sing "June Is Bustin' Out All Over"?' they ask, and she says, 'Certainly,' and starts right up, so obliging, with this shiny grin, and ends with her arms spread and this little stamp-stamp finish—"
>
> He bit down on his cigarette and stopped his pacing long enough to demonstrate—both hands outflung, one foot poised to stamp. "Just . . . because . . . it's JUNE!" he sang, and he stamped his foot.
>
> "I love you too," she told him.
>
> "JUNE!" he sang.
>
> He paused. He took the cigarette from his mouth.
>
> "Eh?" he said.
>
> She smiled up at him. . . .

Anne Tyler continues to be a writer "rich with possibilities." □

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Cannibals and Missionaries
By Mary McCarthy
Harcourt Brace, 369 pp., $10.95

DOWN AND OUT IN HOLLAND

D. KEITH MANO

For sheer thrill-value, this book is rather like watching a hand of bananas turn brown: one by one: in Cleveland.

Mary McCarthy has written a suspense novel of manners or a mannered novel of suspense: in either case panel trucks are more distingué. Her people all read like an alumni questionnaire: Name_____Degree_____Profession _____Awards Won_____Last Position Held_____. Each a little class-self-conscious bio: general vicinities, not persons at all. As one disgruntled character will admit: "We're two-dimensional, Reverend." Miss McCarthy doesn't create, she mimeographs: there is false accuracy, but no artistic slash. Her Senator, for instance, has plagiarized Eugene McCarthy's life: whimsical act for whimsical act. A single imagined wen would have had better effect. McCarthy (Mary) doesn't know how to energize people with one quick, particular touch. Neither Cannibal nor Missionary has physical presence: except for the clothing. Miss McCarthy is an impeccable dresser. But, when there are about three dozen mannikins to model, you have the wardrobe, not the fiction, department.

This crew of fashion droids will be skyjacked and held for political or art-historical ransom. Dull: I'd prefer to wait for valet parking at Roosevelt Raceway. Half are rich *objet d'art* collectors; half are trendy, important liberals on a package-tour investigation of torture in pre-Khomeini Iran. The PLO/Baader-Meinhof band has trouble feeding and housing them: Miss McCarthy has trouble too. Her nervous situation is all false labor. The trick of suspense lies in maintaining one POV with which a reader can identify: or three at most. Had she confined herself to one liberal, one collector, and one terrorist, some palatable interaction might have come about. Instead everything dissipates like a black belch in Yankee Stadium. Given the overcrowding, plot detail—airplane, helicopter, radio, camouflage—has to shore interest up. And Miss McCarthy is just fairish at mechanics: I wouldn't trust her to defrost my stove.

She is either a) even-handed or b) just plain passionless, flat as a Dutch *polder*. Terrorist, liberal, dilettante, all get the same arch-ironic going-over: they appear, without exception, hopeless and foolish. This is seconded by prose that'd make my cat's scratching post look like a vintage Isamu Noguchi. Arthur Hailey without the Hailey technique. People give a "rueful chuckle." They have bottoms to their hearts and they bite off more than they can chew. I noticed not one new locution: and that's real terrorism, baby. Most pathetic is the long acknowledgment preface. "For guidance on New York 'social' names, I thank Nicholas King," etc., etc. (Imagine: an urbane 68-year-old woman and she has to get advice on that. Man, Edmund Wilson must be roto-tilling his grave.) In other words: not only has she written a dreadful book, she *needed help* to write it.

Miss McCarthy does poke at one piquant issue with her white cane: i.e., Is a great work of art more valuable than a less well-rendered human being? Suppose our hostages plus the *Mona Lisa* had been in Teheran. Would Carter have mounted that potentially cataclysmic rescue mission? Uh-uh: I think not. The characters—half of whom are freed in exchange for Vermeer and Cézanne—have a volley or six on this subject. Should we be allowed to own art? Is art as investment moral? Should museum people with their velvet-rope-don't-touch arrogance control art? One Episcopal Reverend, full of saphead liberalism, will hope that we can all be great artists some day. (How about a Cabinet post for equal-op genius?) Me, I nominate holography. *David* or *Moses* next to your barbecue pit: a 3D image, untouchable yet perfect—right down to the dust that fell last night in Florence. Technically not a reproduction: the thing's Platonic shadow, so to speak.

And at last: does great art make anyone better? The author, whose mind appears to have been hit with a styptic pencil, is ambivalent. I say no. It is the veneration of art that makes art sublime: reader or seer imbues da Vinci, say, with force. *Mona Lisa*, coquettish smirk and all, is—shall we let the badger out?—just B+ work. But any civilization that respects art (even when overrating it) has a sense at least, vague or precise, of something transcendent: something that might synopsize the human state and enlarge it. Communists know this: they fear and use art. Art love is idol worship, yet—at the same time—a reaching toward supernal hope.

Meanwhile, back to Holland. A fortnight has gone flouncing by and all are bored yawnless. It turns out that no one —terrorist or collector or liberal—has brought a single book along. No one. New York to Boston, I haul reading material enough for a lunar skyjack. And only under such extreme duress would I recommend that you take *Cannibals and Missionaries* up. □

Smiley's People
By John Le Carré
Knopf, 374 pp., $10.95

MISSING IN ACTION

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

In this QP opening the old master takes full advantage of the possibilities for flank attack, developing gambits and counterthrusts in France, England, Germany, and Switzerland. The moves are carefully described in technical terms, and complete footnotes are provided, in the form of whole paragraphs in cipher, so that the implications of the more arcane lines are explored with professional thoroughness. The lady astutely fianchetto'd in Geneva enlists our sympathy along her pitiable diagonal. A KN is sacrificed in London. By the time we are well into the middle game, we know we're going to go the distance, and the point will be decided as the white K and the red K come tiptoeing out of their corners, square by square, to meet in the hair-raising climax that brings forth Smiley's triumphant cry, "Well, yes, I suppose I did." Checkmate, after 374 pages.

Nice game and all that, but must we sit dumbly on the sidelines and allow

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the publisher and the reviewers to insist it's a "novel"? In a novel one might expect people, even Smiley's, to do things people do in their roles as human beings. J Le C gives us a world of spy and counterspy that excludes the human element. Only one sit-down meal is recorded, and even that is a bit of technical maneuvering instead of a feast to be enjoyed; rather a spiffy trick that, turning a French café into an anteroom of the KGB. Smiley has a glass of Burgundy on page 33; good for him. On two occasions—page 50, page 336—J Le C lunges toward reality by having someone visit the loo: a bit of "realism," like the perennial sentence in short-stories produced by college sophomores, "He took a long drag on his cigarette." *You are there.* The hell you say.

Not that J Le C couldn't do it if he wished. He has set a scene before, and he gives us three vivid ones here—aboard a Hamburg steamer, afoot on Hampstead Heath, and in a seedy London flat. A gin-wrecked crone flies off the pages into our hearts: this dame is real, you may be sure. A young couple with children face the troublesome decision to return to a dangerous line of work, just this once, just for old times' sake, just for Smiley, just to mate the red K.

As for love ("Hell, that's what it's all about," a great novelist once told me), J Le C relegates it to memory, hearsay, and the sophomore style. Smiley remembers, now and then, that he and his wife had been happy once. Part of the bric-à-brac of the game is a photograph of two gents and two tarts in the buff. Smiley checks into a hotel: "All night long the hotel stayed awake, and Smiley with it. He heard the clank of plumbing and the ringing of phones and the thud of lovers who would not or could not sleep." Imagine. A hotel with water pipes, telephones, and beds. *You are there.* And high and dry, I say.

The rebuttal of course is that spies aren't really people, they're operatives, trained and dehydrated and recombined into some form of two-legged machine without a heart, without a moral twinge, without a hotline to the HQ of regeneration. For the writers of mystery games that's a convenient mythology, but we all know it's false. Master spies have been drunkards and queers and suicides often enough in the last generation to teach us that G-2, like Heaven itself, enjoys no monopoly on saints among its servants.

Missing in action: flowers, chocolates, laughter, Sunday, music, school, hiccoughs, bank clerks, oyster girls, paychecks, crutches . . .

I'll throw convention to the winds and tell you how it all comes out. The butler did it. □

FILM

PROTEAN BULL

JOHN SIMON

Hollywood must consider it axiomatic that summer makes people completely besotted. There exists, accordingly, a canicular film-releasing pattern that manages to depress the lowest common denominator—as well as the civilized moviegoer—a little further yet.

Take a film like *Urban Cowboy*, with which John Travolta hoped to efface the memory of *Moment by Moment* (or *Eon by Eon*, as it struck those of us who had to sit through it). This one is based on an *Esquire* cover story by Aaron Latham, a Texas-born journalist and Princeton PhD, whose doctoral thesis about Fitzgerald in Hollywood was published in book form. The screenplay, by Latham and James Bridges, the film's director, ostensibly explores the lives of Texas blue-collar workers who, off the oil rigs, like nothing better than to mount the mechanical bull at Gilley's, near Houston, the world's biggest bar, which can hold eight thousand Texans (God only knows how many Rhode Islanders!), and caters to all the recreational needs of these eponymous urban cowboys. Donning cowboy gear, they drink, dance, brawl, and wench at Gilley's (for which the movie is an excellent though overlong commercial), and, of course, ride the mechanical bull. Gilley's is the self-styled "biggest honky-tonk in America," and *Urban Cowboy* may just be the biggest rinky-dink among the summer's movies.

Bud, a young toiler in the oil refineries, is torn between his estranged tomboyish bride, Sissy, whom he resents because she can outlast him on the mechanical bull, and Pam, a spoiled rich girl who, out of her craving for Bud, destroys a conciliatory note Sissy left in the mobile home she used to share with him. Sissy, as a love offering, has cleaned the place in Bud's absence, but Pam stoops so low as to pretend that *she* did the cleaning. Sissy, however, sinks even lower by becoming the mistress of Wes, an ex-con who knocks her about and tries to hold up Gilley's. But Bud, who has just beaten Wes at mechanical bronco busting, foils the latter's robbery attempt, beats Wes at savage fisticuffs as well, and, having obviously come to his senses, blissfully resumes his marriage with Sissy. *Urban Cowboy*, as you may gather, is pure mechanical bull.

What makes the film truly reprehensible, though, is the filmmakers' stance. On the one hand, the principal characters are made into utter clods, lacking any individuality, imagination, or intelligence; on the other hand, they are accorded every kind of mythic resonance. Latham calls this a love story, even though the groupings and regroupings of the characters resemble those of atomic particles. Only one, older couple (Bud's uncle and aunt) can be said to exhibit anything like real love, but they are presented in such cliché terms—their every gesture and utterance a sentimental stereotype—that they make love as absorbing as a TV commercial seen for the hundredth time.

As for Bridges, he perceives these characters as "honest, open and direct, possessing simple values." But "simple" need not mean simple-minded, any more than "open" must suggest a door banging about in a gale. So unable are he and Latham to invest these people with interesting mentalities, turns of phrase, even individual quirks, that their "directness" leads directly to dullness. I suspect that Latham and Bridges want to have it both ways: let these creatures represent exemplars of "the cowboy, the most enduring symbol of our country [who] must be reinvented by each generation of the West" (Latham) for naïve viewers, while allowing more sophisticated audiences to feel pleasurably and smugly superior to them. I find that intellectually dishonest and morally distasteful.

Travolta sounds Texan enough part of the time (though there is the other part) and looks handsome from some angles (though there are the others,

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from which he looks inane). His acting, however, is all beatific grins or outbursts of petulance. Scott Glenn, as Wes (a character made to appear unearnedly sympathetic at first, then, suddenly and contrivedly, unduly antipathetic), does reasonably well under the circumstances. Madolyn Smith, as the rich Pam, whose entire character is hypostatized rather than motivated, can merely look sleek and gleam at the camera. However, Debra Winger, as Sissy, conveys an arresting combination of waif, brat, and incipient woman, and may develop into an actress to reckon with. The soundtrack relentlessly grinds out the kind of music appropriate to Gilley's, which isn't calculated to endear it to me; Roy Villalobos's cinematography is routine stuff. Yet all those shots of petrochemical refineries, sleazy housing developments, and all-night diners have their horrible fascination. If only something besides the oil were refined!

SAMUEL FULLER is the writer-director of some twenty B- (that's putting it kindly) features that have a fanatical following among movie buffs and auteur critics. Andrew Sarris, for instance, considers Fuller's *Shock Corridor* "a distinguished addition to that art form [sic] in which Hollywood has always excelled—the baroque B-picture." Fuller's films, whether gangster melodramas, war epics, westerns, or quasi-political thrillers, do not so much display "a primitive artist at work" (Sarris) as they proclaim a poster artist at his glaring worst. The dialogue is as simplistic as the ideology; the characterization as primitive as the sexuality, which is also infantile and puritanical; ferocity and jingoism are everywhere. "The strong, violent, and idiosyncratic handwriting" that Gavin Millar (in *Cinema: A Critical Dictionary*) detects in this œuvre looks more like chicken tracks to me. Nicholas Garnham, in his book on Fuller, proclaims him "one of the major creative talents in the contemporary cinema"; for some readers it may suffice to know that Fuller was one of the principal influences on Jean-Luc Godard, who pays him a fulsome tribute in *Pierrot le Fou*.

The Big Red One is a film that comes close to being imbecile. Lee Marvin plays the tough Sergeant (he has no

name—to make him more epic) who guides four teenaged wetnoses through World War II. As members of the U.S. Army's First Division, the five men see action in North Africa, Sicily, Normandy, Belgium, Germany, and Czechoslovakia, and provide us with a travelogue across the major battlefields of the European theater. The four boys, like the Sergeant, are perfect stereotypes: Griff, a sensitive sharpshooter who has difficulties with killing (Mark Hamill, even more wonderful than as Luke Skywalker); Johnson, a blond pig farmer who becomes worldly-wise through World War II (Kelly Ward, a nonentity); Zab, a pulp novelist who walks through the entire war with a cigar in his face—if the cigar isn't always the same, the face certainly is (Robert Carradine, the last chip off the old block, let's hope, and surely the least); and Vinci—why not Buonarotti or Alighieri?—an Italian street-kid and former saxophonist (Bobby Di Cicco, and typical).

Thanks partly to the Sergeant's shrewdness, partly to the "four horsemen's" quick learning and prowess, and partly to the absurdity of the script, our boys come through the war with nary a scratch while around them everywhere men are dying like flies. Replacements pour into the platoon to be mowed down within the range of flicked cigar ash from our heroes, who just wisecrack away as their buddies bite the dust. The obvious message to the pig farmers, sharpshooters, pulp novelists, and saxophone players in the audience is that war, though hell, is, if you have the right Sergeant, also a hell of a lot of fun.

There is a weasel prologue set in World War I, where the Sergeant, unaware that armistice has been declared, kills a German soldier. In the weasel epilogue, the Sergeant, again unaware that the war is over, stabs his opposite number, a ubiquitous German noncom. This time he will do everything to revive the not-quite-dead German; as the film tells us over and over again, what is killing in wartime is murder in peace. We are to know that we are watching privileged brutalities and may enjoy them accordingly.

Yes, there are some clever shots throughout *The Big Red One*, although Adam Greenberg's cinematography is mediocre, and Dana Kaproff's music further vulgarizes whatever it underpaints. If you cannot, like Godard, say about a Fuller film (*Forty Guns*) that it "is so rich in invention—despite an incomprehensible plot," you may find this offensive propaganda—not so much for a vulgar brand of America *über alles* as for a kind of hack Hollywood filmmaking apparently unaware that an armistice has been declared. □

ART

SATYR'S PROGRESS

RUTH BERENSON

When *Time* magazine's cover story on Pablo Picasso dubbed him "MOMA's Boy," it hit on the *mot juste*. In a real sense the Museum of Modern Art under its first director, Alfred H. Barr Jr., did as much as anyone, if not more, to focus critical attention on Picasso's role as the principal creator of the twentieth century aesthetic revolution. It was Barr who acquired for the museum its most significant Picassos: among them *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* (1907)—the picture that signaled his crucial break with conventional realism and forecast the emergence of abstract art—and, for a temporary stay that lasted forty years, *Guernica*, the mural memorializing the victims of the Spanish Civil War, now about to find a

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permanent home in the Prado. Barr's book, *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*, published in 1946, remains definitive; it helped make the Modern into a Picasso headquarters decades before the artist was officially recognized in either his native Spain or his adoptive France. It is thus altogether fitting that MOMA should celebrate its fiftieth anniversary with the most comprehensive Picasso exhibition ever assembled, surpassing even last year's Paris display by including thirty hitherto unknown works, as well as objects belonging to Barcelona's Museo Picasso loaned for the first time. This is an extraordinary event, one that merits all the hullabaloo the museum is making about it.

To make room for the more than one thousand items—paintings, sculptures, constructions, drawings, prints, ceramics—it has literally emptied its premises of everything else. Summer visitors to New York can find a selection of its best-known treasures at the Brooklyn and Metropolitan Museums; but most of its holdings are in storage and will stay there for a while, since, after Picasso closes on September 16, the controversial expansion program (which involves doubling the exhibition space and erecting luxury apartments on top of the original building—they're supposed to help solve the Modern's frightening deficit) will get going. The Picasso show, funded by IBM, should also help fill MOMA's coffers: admission has been upped from the regular $2.50 to $4.50 (still cheaper than a first-run movie, I might add). A few practical counsels: all tickets must be obtained in advance at the museum (or through Ticketron, which adds a 75¢ surcharge); mail and phone orders are not accepted. Individuals can buy up to four tickets for each of two dates (even two viewings are scarcely enough, I found), and there are no refunds or exchanges.

This rather irritating system at least makes the crowds, expected to total between 800,000 and one million, manageable. The works are arranged chronologically, which also helps. You begin on the ground floor with Picasso the teenager and work your way up to the third. All but the most intrepid are discouraged from back-tracking, since to do so you must buck a mighty tide of humanity following the prescribed route with lemming-like tenacity. A time-and-motion expert told me that the average visitor should emerge, limp and bleary-eyed, in about two hours unless he takes time out for lunch in the garden.

It's worth it. This is truly an historic occasion which permits us for the first, and probably the last, time to view Picasso in all his protean diversity, the bad along with the good, though the latter happily predominates. It also enables us to distinguish Picasso the creative genius from the aging, buffoon-like image put before us in his last years by David Douglas Duncan and others. Clearly that exhausted clown (he, too, saw himself thus, in his last drawings) retained only a spark of the fire that illumined the twenty-year-old Catalan who burst onto the Parisian art scene in 1900 and, in less than a year, was awarded a one-man show by the famous avant-garde dealer, Ambroise Vollard—and sold 15 canvases before it even opened.

He served no apprenticeship. *First Communion*, painted in 1895-96 when he was only 15, would have done credit to any salon artist of the time; but a little more than a year later, after *Science and Charity*—a conventional deathbed scene containing a sensitive portrait of his father—he turned his back on academicism and began to dabble in the then-fashionable Art Nouveau.

His first visits to Paris—he did not settle there permanently till 1904—saw him greedily gulping down new influences: Lautrec, Seurat and Pointillism, Gauguin, Puvis de Chavannes. On a trip to Madrid he fell victim to the

just-rediscovered El Greco. By 1901 he was producing his first really original work, those now-familiar portraits of himself and other Spaniards in Paris, as well as the beggars, clowns, and emaciated circus families of the "Blue" and "Rose" periods. Had he done nothing else, these would entitle him to a place, if perhaps only a minor one, in the annals of twentieth century art.

They contain not the slightest hint of what Picasso would accomplish within the next few years. The invention of Cubism completely transformed our way of observing reality by discarding traditional, three-dimensional space, turning it inside out. In his hands it became a screen of shifting planes which he could manipulate at will. It was a stunning achievement. Only Giotto, transforming the flat patterned icons of Byzantine art into views of real people moving in spaces filled with air and light, offers a parallel. Like Giotto, Picasso fundamentally altered the basic syntax of art and determined its future direction. Without Picasso, the art of today would be unthinkable. Roy Lichtenstein, an abstract painter before he became a Pop artist, spoke for all twentieth century artists when he said, "Cubism influenced everyone. It's as important as perspective."

Picasso did not do this all by himself but in tandem with Georges Braque; for some 15 years the two men were so closely associated that it is often hard to disentangle what each contributed. Nor did they make a revolution overnight: the seminal *Demoiselles d'Avignon* was preceded by a year of experiment in which Picasso assimilated Cézanne (whom he had inexplicably neglected) and, through exposure to primitive sculpture, began to exploit the expressive potential of a schematic, anti-realistic image of man, heralded in 1906 by his painting of Gertrude Stein's face to resemble an ancient Iberian carving. By 1908 he had absorbed both strains of influence and, with Braque, was painting recognizably Cubist pictures. The succeeding decade and a half would prove, for both, the most fecund of their lives.

Neither ever crossed the line into pure abstraction. Thus the Cubist pictures possess the fascination of a rebus puzzle; they are full of visual puns, but you can always find clues to the bottle,

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the fruit, the pipe, the violin, the guitar, the figure referred to in the title, and enjoy discovering that the Cubist portraits of Vollard, Kahnweiler, and others are as lifelike, as vivid, as are the line drawings, Ingres-like in their perfection, of Stravinsky, Cocteau, and Diaghilev that he produced less than five years later.

Eventually Picasso's penchant for experiment degenerated into a kind of gimmickry, but his constant need to expand the Cubist vocabulary, once he had developed its premises, was pregnant with significance for the future. He invented collage; he enlivened his paintings (and gave cryptic clues to their meanings) by adding lettering to them; he introduced "found" objects—a matchbox lid, a bus ticket, a strip of wood, a nail, a bit of wallpaper, sand. In 1912 he fashioned his first three-dimensional construction, a guitar of painted cardboard and string, a flimsy object as meaningful for sculpture as Cubism was for painting, for it broke with an even more venerable tradition, namely the age-old insistence that modeling and carving were the only methods by which sculpture could be made.

The period of his association with Braque ends with what is perhaps Picasso's most vividly memorable Cubist work, *Three Musicians*; at the same time, he is beginning that long flirtation with Neo-Classicism which gave us the much-reproduced *Woman in White* (visitors to MOMA once voted this their favorite picture) and other paintings that range from near kitsch (*Paulo on a Donkey*) to the infinitely delicate illustrations of Ovid and Balzac, surely among the finest graphics of our time.

Their lyricism contrasts starkly with the brutal ugliness of the female heads which, from the 1930s on, obsessed him. Picasso's subject-matter had always been limited, but from then on, except when he was composing variations on well-known pictures by Grünewald, Manet, Cranach, or Courbet, it was reduced to a single theme: sex, or, more precisely, erotic rage (the phrase belongs to the *New York Times* critic, Hilton Kramer). Even the politically inspired *Guernica* reeks with the sexual fury which, as the years passed, he directed at the women in his life. What started as an idyll (*Fernande as the Sun*) invariably degenerated into a raging fury, and the woman became a blood-sucking monster, a witch. Even his little daughters—Maia, the eldest, and Paloma—

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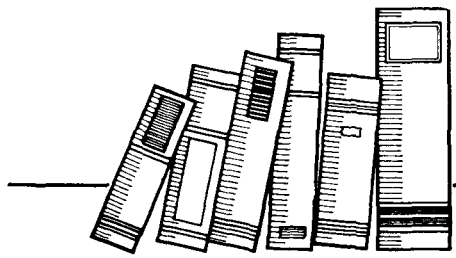

Dark Horses

For those brought up on civics-book descriptions of government in action, the way it really operates is an astonishment.

The chief delusion from which most of us suffer is the idea that we have a government "of the people," and that elected policy-makers in the capital are hard at work to solve the nation's problems in keeping with the aspirations of the public. The reality could hardly be more different. In fact, today we have a government of, by, and for unelected bureaucrats, interest groups, and ideological lobbies who know how to work the federal machinery. What "the people" think or want is the last thing that occurs to anyone—and then primarily as a nuisance.

For those who want an accurate picture of the system, a portrait-from-the-life is now available. It's a book called *How Washington Really Works* (Addison Wesley, $5.95), and it is by Charles Peters, iconoclastic editor of *The Washington Monthly*. In this study, Peters traces the network of lawyers, lobbyists, consultants, staff aides, bureaucrats, and media types who control the flow of policy in Washington. Most of what goes on, he says, is dumb-show—giving the appearance of doing something, ensuring that projects and paychecks continue flowing, and helping the players expand their personal empires.

Peters is at his best in describing the ways of the bureaucrats: the endless paper-shuffling, the pointless but important-sounding meetings, the inflated pay scales, the end-of-the-fiscal-year spending sprees to get rid of extra money so that their budgets won't be reduced. Most to the point, he describes the total unresponsiveness of the bureaucrats to public opinion, bolstered by the virtual impossibility of firing anyone from "civil service" employment. He recommends a leavening of this unworkable system with doses of good old-fashioned patronage.

Far from exposing this charade for what it is, Peters charges, the national media are part of it. They dutifully cover all the press conferences and write up the press releases as if these things were "news" and limit their investigative forays to random exposure of personal failings and scandal, and occasional surly questions at a briefing. The result is that the vast majority of reportage that comes from the capital is itself part of the dumb-show, rather than a corrective to it.

Collateral reading on the way the system really works is a new volume called *View from the Capitol Dome* (Green Hill Publishers, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; $2.95), edited by Representatives John Rousselot of California and Richard Schulze of Pennsylvania. This is the third in a series of issue analyses brought out by the Republican Study Committee of the House of Representatives, and it contains a number of excellent essays on the public-policy-making process, and the dismal results that are produced by it.

Representative Robert Bauman, for example, describes the often ruthless tactics that are used to ram legislation through the lower chamber. Carroll Campbell argues that the electoral system has been rigged in the name of reform, while Jerry Solomon recounts some cases in which determined resistance by conservatives has stopped some of the more egregious power plays. Also, the book lays down a withering enfilade against the bureaucracy, with Jim Collins, Norman Shumway, Dan Lungren, Mickey Edwards, and Jim Leach all zeroing in on this important topic.

That government is the source rather than the solution of our problems is amply demonstrated by Rousselot (welfare), William Dannemeyer (inflation), Ken Kramer (housing), Clarence Brown (energy), and Steve Symms and Don Young (natural resources). Schulze, Jack Kemp, Phil Crane, George Hansen, Bob Livingston, and Bud Shuster suggest an agenda for reform at home and overseas. A highly useful, if partisan, discussion. —M. Stanton Evans

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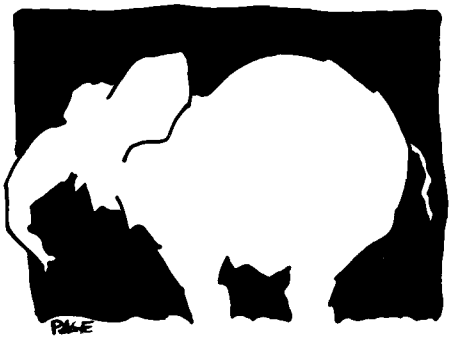
were subjected to this malevolence. Eventually the weary viewer becomes, well, bored by so much bombast.

A sense of tragedy haunts this exhibition as one approaches its end. So much talent, such ease was everything too simple for him? Was there no real challenge? Even as one chuckles at the ingenuity that could assemble a *She-Goat* out of flower pots, a wicker basket, a palm leaf, and pieces of scrap metal, or a *Baboon*'s face from toy automobiles filched from his young son, Claude, one becomes impatient with so much clowning. Titian, at 98, painted with a breadth and serenity—and with no loss of sensuality—that summed up, even surpassed, all he had done before. Picasso became a bald, pot-bellied satyr grinning under a laurel wreath, one of a train of carnival figures from a Fellini film. The contrast is painful. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

ATOMIC ENERGY: A NEW START, *by David Lilienthal (Harper and Row, 124 pp., $8.95).* In 1946 David Lilienthal became the first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, with responsibility (among other things) for the peaceful development of the atom. Lilienthal argues that the type of reactor eventually chosen by the AEC for development and production suffers from a "complexity which is characteristic of an immature, first-stage technology. . . . There are just too many junctures at which something can go wrong." Nuclear plants "should be designed to be operated by human beings." Lilienthal is no Luddite; he believes in the potential of nuclear power, and damns the press coverage of Three Mile Island as sensationalistic and ignorant. He is not sure, however, what to replace present reactors with. He suggests that safety standards be tightened up, while a New Atom Corporation, accountable to the President, develops new ideas for reactor design. Lilienthal makes the intelligent case for a holding operation, without ever directly facing the question: If TMI was not the disaster it was cracked up to be, why bother?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE PULSE OF POLITICS: *Electing Presidents in the Media Age, by James David Barber (Norton, 342 pp., $14.95).* These are grim times for politicos, and for the art they practice before an electorate made wary by the repeated triumph of experience over hope. Professor Barber, seeking the system's vital signs, has detected a rhythm to our presidential elections. He suggests that, since 1900, campaigns have followed a cycle of conflict, conscience, and conciliation. Hence the 1912 Republican donnybrook set the stage for Wilson's moralizing four years later, the wreckage of which led to Harding's banal pursuit of "normalcy" in 1920. The author asserts that candidates out of step with these rhythms or, more recently, unable to exploit them via the electronic media are doomed to failure. He concedes there are occasional exceptions but seems intent upon glossing over the more obvious ones. McKinley's re-election in 1900 and the Nixon landslide of 1972 hardly fit the professor's calibration of conflict. Yet, though he sometimes has to stretch elections to fit his theory, few political scientists are capable of honing their subject with such precision of scholarship, style, and wit. As with his earlier *The Presidential Character*, Barber's latest thesis will provoke useful debate about a process that continues to fascinate and bewilder us.

JOHN LUCE

CATLIN, *by Don Higgins (St. Martin's, 215 pp., $9.95).* What does it take to write a "Southern" novel? Don Higgins apparently decided he needed to use all the stock ingredients: a decaying mansion surrounded by live-oak trees draped in Spanish moss; an indomitable Southern matriarch (for that, read tyrant); a traditional faithful mammy type. Add to the above staples a few illegal cock fights and some down-home sex and you have the formula—anyhow, you have *Catlin*. *Catlin* is Don Higgins's first novel. It does have some good moments, but more than two hundred pages from the point of view of a young-for-his-age 11-year-old is just a little too much. Young Chester St. Clair is brought by his mother to live in the small coastal community of Ruffin's Inlet with Aunt Sissy after Chester's father is committed to a mental institution. Chester is immediately taken in hand by Catlin, an orphan in the care of Aunt Sissy. His first impressions of Catlin are a pretty fair indication of the rest of the book: "I don't play with girls much, but Catlin's different. She was born a girl, but ever since she was born she's wanted to be a boy. She told me so herself . . . She said she used to try to pee standing up like a boy. But she ain't got a peeter so the pee ran down her leg. I told her I thought she was dumb. And she punched me and said she'd never tell me anything again. Catlin can punch doggone hard when she wants to, so I shut up about it." Chester spends a lot of time listening in on adult conversations (with the more sophisticated Catlin acting as interpreter) and peeking in windows. No great truths emerge from *Catlin*, but it might serve as light summer reading if seeing everything through Chester's eyes doesn't drive you crazy.

NORMA B. HAWES

EQUILIBRIUM, *by John Cantwell Kiley (Guild of Tutors Press, 167 pp., $6.95).* There is an odor of mendacity about many self-help books. One always suspects that the primary beneficiary of their helpfulness is, in fact, the author who expects to turn a fast buck at the expense of lost souls in search of psychic solace. Yet the market grows apace, and, should your taste incline toward something more substantial than hedonistic intimidation, then John Kiley is your man. Apart from his having a practice in clinical philosophy, his academic range extends from study under Jacques Maritain at Princeton to a series of professorial posts at universities across the country. Poetry is his avocation, and *NR* readers will recognize him as Johannes Eff. *Equilibrium* is the esoteric extension of his earlier book *Self-Rescue*, and the second installment of a trilogy. In many respects, he is reworking the same ground as before. His conceptual framework is ontological, with metaphysical mortar applied to erect for the reader a greater sense of cosmic awareness. The manner of his construction bears careful scrutiny. For just when you are about to grasp a particular point, Kiley whisks you to another perspective, from which facile generalizations dissipate with unnerving consistency. Devotees of "pop philosophy" are forewarned that exposure to Kiley may result in their *dis*-equilibrium.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

LESLIE LELAND:

Re Chappaquiddick

There were many unanswered questions surrounding . . . Chappaquiddick. . . . Here's a man with enough money to change inquest laws in effect for over 100 years. The public was not allowed in. The records of the inquest were impounded. Kennedy's lawyers could see them but the grand jury could not. (Mr. Leland, a pharmacist, presided over the grand jury; he was interviewed by *The American Druggist.)*

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Information — 193 34 119 171 152 92 14 188 4

B. Town in Door County, Wisc. — 53 22 122 142 195 149 107 166 76

C. What you might have during daytime naps — 112 123 46 54 125 78 133 20 159 164

D. Artless simplicity — 155 150 23 56 79 71 77

E. To try to influence by private talk — 135 192 100 73 154 25

F. Where money is put to escape the Marxian features of the income tax — 141 21 158 32 91 101 185 191 203 214

G. Hungarian cavalrymen of the 15th century — 172 51 11 16 216 206 36

H. One of Florida's greatest attractions — 69 15 29 199 57 87 96 137 37 124

I. Part of the elbow — 146 17 52 55 43 178 12 82 93 99

J. A man who uses a pick and shovel — 80 110 189 58 74 130 140 204 1 72

K. Umpire who officiated in ten World Series, 1903-1926 — 95 113 156 61 153

L. A compass point + a musical instrument = a bad feature of the winter — 129 18 145 86 98 182 197 6 209

M. Feigned — 131 147 127 63 83 102 75 160

N. Females — 184 168 64 128 148 39

O. What the roadway has after a sleigh ride — 35 59 68 3 30 45 89 24 94 97

P. A department and a river in France — 190 40 26 60

Q. To sicken — 169 65 27 198 194 210 109 173

R. Submissive to authority — 2 151 157 41 183 175 121 115

S. Where collections of books are available to the people — 144 19 38 50 81 28 67 108 138 174

T. One of Mark Twain's biographers (1861-1937) — 176 202 118 161 70 42 180 208

U. A fertile or green area in a desert — 126 212 31 44 211

V. Straight lines that run *from a circle's center* to its outside — 196 48 170 186 200

W. A feature of the evening rush in a large city — 62 5 33 114 47 85 66 136 143 106

X. Town in West Germany, south of Wurzburg — 120 134 213 162 187 103 181 49 7

Y. City in Winnebago County, Wisc. — 177 8 104 167 205 116

Z. Certain days in the ancient Roman calendar — 88 207 117 132

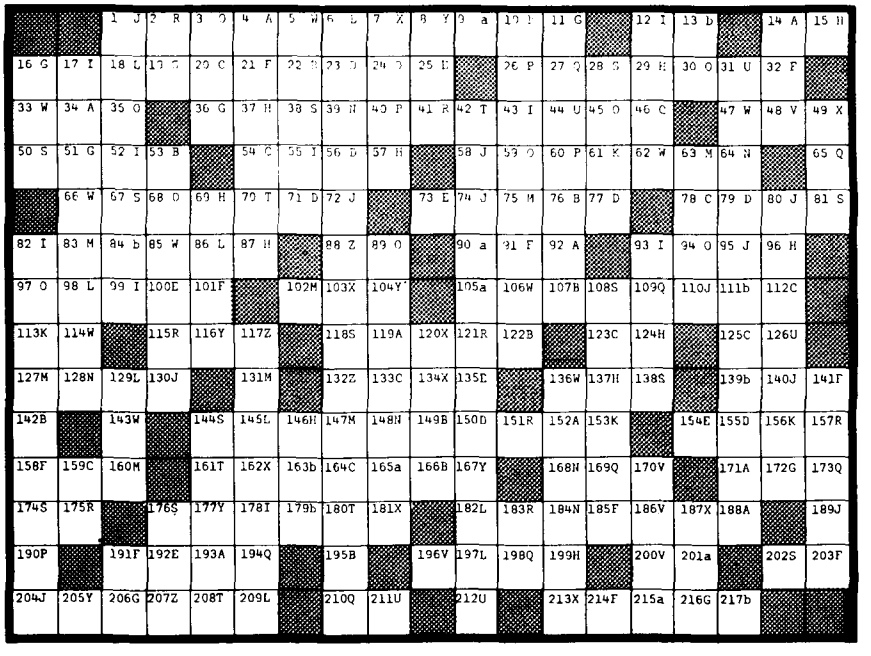
a. Aromatic or herb-flavored tea — 90 165 201 105 9 215

b. Where Washington defeated Cornwallis — 13 179 84 217 10 111 139 163

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 980 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

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The diamond solitaire.

A rare gift.

One single diamond.
Set simply and elegantly, to sparkle on its own.
The diamond solitaire.
A jewel that becomes more precious with
every passing year.
The gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.

A diamond is forever.

The 1¼ carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail. DeBeers.

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